

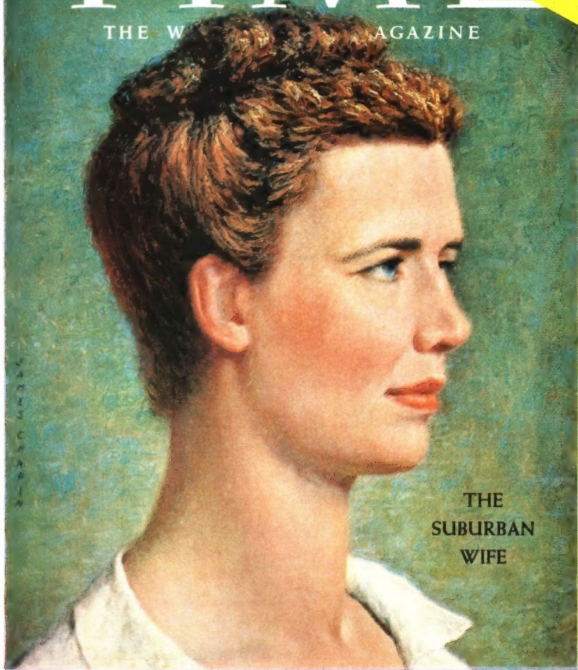
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

JUNE 20, 1960

ONE-THIRD OF A NATION
U.S. Suburbia, 1960

TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE



JAMES CAGNEY

THE
SUBURBAN
WIFE

\$7.00 A YEAR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

VOL. LXXV NO. 25

it's a pretty cool customer who can't warm up to this wagon!

Where else will you find a wagon that adapts so handily and handsomely to almost anything you want to do? Whether you're toting a noisy tribe of youngsters to a Fourth of July picnic or just heading off by yourself with nothing but a cargo of summer breezes frolicking between you and the roll-down rear window, these new Chevrolets are beautifully, dutifully built to suit your needs. You have your choice of five wagon models with the widest seating, widest cargo area and widest selection of engines and transmissions in the low-price field. Check your dealer and see how convenient he can make it for you (and your budget) to be in one by vacation time.

Roomier Body by Fisher with a 25% smaller transmission tunnel.

Pride-pleasing style (combines good looks with good sense).

New Economy Turbo-Fire V8 (makes friends fast by getting up to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ more miles on a gallon).

Shift-free Turboglide*—Chevy's the only car in its field with an automatic transmission that eliminates even a hint of a shift.

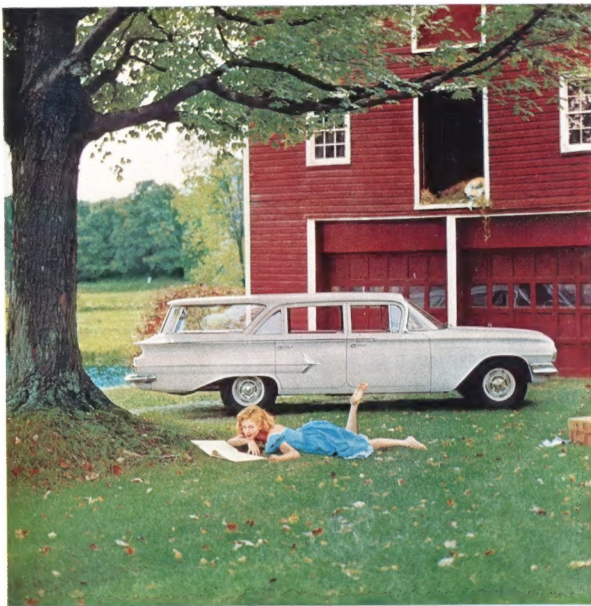
*Optional at extra cost.

Hi-Thrift 6 (built with Chevy's famed ever-faithful dependability).

Coil springs at all 4 wheels (with the extra cushioning of newly designed body mounts to filter out road shock and noise).

Quicker stopping Safety-Master brakes (specially designed for long lining wear).

Chevrolet Division of General Motors,
Detroit 2, Michigan



There's no new car like a '60 Chevrolet. The 9-Passenger Kingswood Station Wagon.

Air Conditioning—temperatures made to order—for all-weather comfort. Get a demonstration.



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Six hundred thousand American homes are now being heated electrically. A baseboard along the walls carries a Nickel alloy resistance wire that transforms electricity into heat right in the room.

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The International Nickel Company has worked closely with the electrical industry in helping to develop efficient heating elements. This cooperation extends to promotional activities as well as to product development, research, and technical service. Right now, Inco's national advertising is telling millions of homeowners about the advantages of electric heating.

In scores of other product fields, cooperation between manufacturers

and Inco has brought about important developments and improvements through effective use of Nickel: Nickel in alloys for strength and corrosion resistance; Nickel in stainless steel for rust-free beauty; Nickel plating for gleaming protection.

If you think your product might benefit from the use of Nickel, write:

The International Nickel Company, Inc.,
67 Wall Street, New York 5, N.Y.



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The International Nickel Company, Inc., is the U.S. affiliate of The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited (Inco-Canada) — producer of Inco Nickel, Copper, Cobalt, Iron Ore, Tellurium, Selenium, Sulfur and Platinum, Palladium and Other Precious Metals.

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Peter Piper picked a cigar that tasted like a peck of pickled peppers. Then Peter Piper picked a pack of Panatelas... Robt. Burns Panatelas, with Smooth Smoke® binder, a lighter wrapper and fine Havana filler. Peter Piper picked 'em and is Peter Piper pleased! You will be too. Pick a pack.

Panatela de Luxe

2 for 27¢—or in the
handy 5-pack



Robt. Burns

5 popular shapes—
2/25¢ to 25¢ straight.
*T. M. Gen. Cig. Co., Inc.

LETTERS

Khrushchev & the Presidency

Sir:

The best answer Americans can offer to Mr. Khrushchev's attempt to dictate to us the choice of our next President is to nominate and elect Mr. Richard Nixon. Furthermore, in view of Mr. Nixon's excellent qualifications, any other course by the Republicans, including the supporters of Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, would constitute a tragic blunder.

C. JOHN GREGORY

Boston

Sir:

For those who are worried about Jack Kennedy's Roman Catholic faith, let us remind them that it should be a good reason to vote for him for the presidency. As a devout Catholic, he would be an enemy of Communism. Every American wants his country to stand up to Moscow. Who then would be better for this job than a Catholic—*or Jack Kennedy?*

RITA TROILO
FRANCIS TROILO

Ashtabula, Ohio

Sir:

As Explorer Dwight Eisenhower finally reached the windswept Summit, he saw to his dismay that the snow had been badly trampled, and disappearing down the snowy slope trundled a short, squat figure, the broad backside, the large roll of fat clearly discernible between the ears. It was the Abdominal Snowman! Thus ended another episode in the series, "Explorer Eisenhower's Gullible Travels."

ERNEST F. WILMSHURST

Altadena, Calif.

The Duty of the Opposition

Sir:

While reading your coverage of the infamous U-2 incident in the May 30 edition, I became highly incensed at your rather partisan coverage of the political implications. I feel sure that Governor Stevenson and others of his party were not simply throwing American unity to the wind for the sake of pure political advantage. Has it not always been the duty of the opposition party to criticize and attack policies that it feels are not in the best interests of the U.S.?

GEORGE G. HANCOCK JR.

State College, Pa.

Sir:

What in the history of this country did Adlai Stevenson do, other than criticize and lose elections?

JACK FOSTER

Dayton

Sir:
U-Tu, Adlai?

H. E. HAWLEY

Troy, N.Y.

Interview at Libertyville

Sir:

I suppose that it is too much to expect TIME to be fair to Adlai Stevenson; but more balanced journalism would surely have pointed out that the remarks ascribed to Governor Stevenson by Robert Boulay [June 6] correspond to nothing anyone else has ever heard Stevenson say publicly or privately. Governor Stevenson is fully and explicitly on record on the question of Berlin. It might conceivably strain the credulity even of TIME to suppose that he would suddenly choose to confide to an itinerant

French newspaperman views on Berlin which are incompatible with everything else he has said on the subject.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.
Cambridge, Mass.

¶ TIME is glad to learn that Historian Schlesinger knows "what anyone else has ever heard Stevenson say publicly or privately."—Ed.

The Word

Sir:

I have long wondered why Michelangelo's "Moses" has horns [see cont.]. When I came upon a photograph of another statue of Moses which also displays horns, my curiosity deepened. No one I have asked can answer my question.

AMELIA WESTON
Los Angeles



Vatican Archives
MOSES

¶ The Scriptures underwent many changes at the hands of the early scribes, so much so that in the 4th century, Pope Damasus commissioned the Bible scholar Jerome to do a definitive version. In his version, the Vulgate, Jerome translated *Keren*, the Hebrew word for "ray, horn" as "*cornuta*," Latin for "horns." Thus, "when Moses came down from the mount Sinai, he held the two tables of the testimony; and he knew not that his face was horned from the conversation of the Lord" (*Exodus 34:29*). While scholars have since determined that Moses was not literally horned but rather surrounded by luminous rays, pre-Renaissance and Renaissance artists generally depicted him with horns.—Ed.

The Defense Minister

Sir:

Many thanks for the May 30 cover story of Soviet Defense Minister Malinovsky and especially for TIME's "timely" reporting of Paris Reporter Blunden's 17-year-old notes. I am now looking forward to your staff's coverage of Abe Lincoln's assassination.

MARION PURCELLI

Chicago

You Pays Your Money...

Sir:

Re the article in the May 30 edition on Hong Kong: please explode the myth that any tailor in Hong Kong can get out a well-made garment for \$75 or less in 24 hours. Of course, there are those who will do it, but the majority here prefer more time, charge more, and produce, consequently, better quality goods. Having lived here for over a year I cannot praise the place enough, but as for the bargains, and there are plenty, real quality is never dirt cheap.

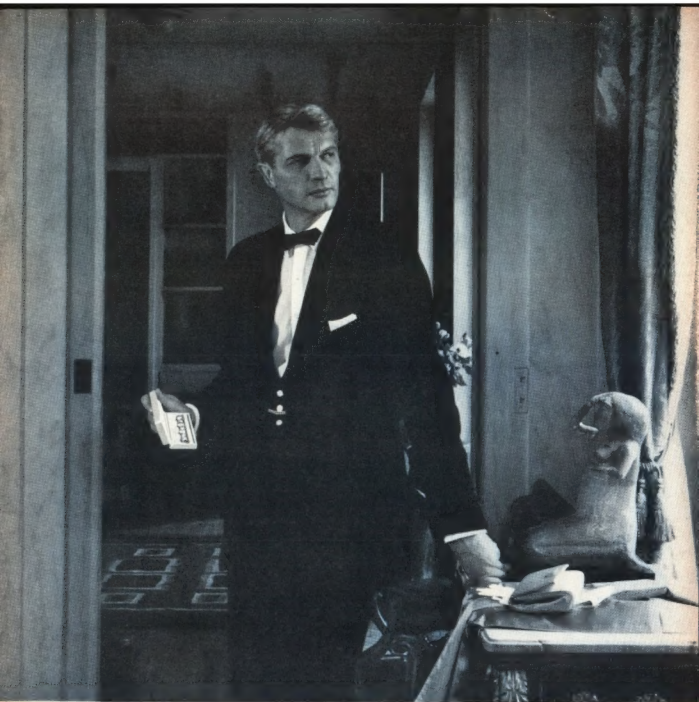
SANDRA MACIVER

Hong Kong

Sir:

You mentioned that the King and Queen of Nepal had to be accommodated in a third-class hotel.

This is entirely erroneous as the American



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A gift she'll treasure beyond all others

Each year this day returns—your anniversary—and through the years the living light of diamonds will keep it brightly glowing. . . . Welcomed and valued beyond all other gifts, "A diamond is forever." This year, let a diamond gift make memorable that special anniversary, or important birthday, a debut, the birth of a child, or any significant event.

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"Today probably 85% of the money men leave their families comes from life insurance!"

BARNES, OTTAWA



A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICY OWNER Mr. Nugent has a total of 15 policies with this company. The first was purchased in 1923.

*A report of special interest
to young men
by* **CHARLES A. NUGENT**
*Financial Vice President,
Stokely-Van Camp, Inc.*

"WE HEAR much about the worth of life insurance as an investment. I have seen in my own experience how the cash values build up over the years,

thus providing a really sizable nest egg.

"However, I never forget—and I don't think anyone else should—that the original reason most men get life insurance is to protect growing families. I found the cost of this protection extremely low when I compared the actual cash value with the total premiums paid.

"It is estimated that Americans are

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"Here, then, is a most obvious reason why a young family man should make life insurance one of his first purchases."

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"BECAUSE THERE IS A DIFFERENCE"



There is a difference!

Four reasons why you should consider Northwestern Mutual

SO MANY PEOPLE, from well-known business leaders to young men just starting out, find Northwestern Mutual has an outstanding combination of qualities to fit their needs...

1. High earnings are a matter of record. Latest available figures show the rate of return from Northwestern Mutual's investments to be above the average of the 14 other largest life insurance companies.

2. Low operating expense is another advantage for policy owners. Modern electronic equipment enables fewer Northwestern Mutual employees to give prompt, personal attention to more policy owners. The portion of premium income needed for operating expenses is about half of the average for the 14 other largest companies.

3. Strict sharing of earnings and savings with all policy owners. Dedicated to the "mutual" principle, Northwestern Mutual has a reputation as "the policy owners' company." Dividends increased eight times in eight consecutive years.

4. Excellent agents aid in planning. The percentage of Northwestern Mutual men selling over a million dollars of life insurance a year is ten times greater than the average of all life insurance agents. And almost half of all Northwestern Mutual policies are sold to old customers coming back for more.

Make it a point to meet your local Northwestern Mutual agent. He can be one of your most helpful friends. The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Express Co., which handled the King and Queen's world trip, accommodated them on one floor of the Peninsula Court, the best hotel in the colony.

NOBLE SMITH

The American Express Co., Inc.
Hong Kong

¶ TIME erred.—Ed.

More Than Danger

Sir: May I suggest that your May 30 piece on Sterling Moss errs in emphasis? Sterling Moss is more obsessed with danger than TIME's editors are obsessed with deadlines. Danger is only a factor in his profession, and not to him by any means the biggest factor. Moss is simply a complete professional—and incomparably the best driver living—whose primary concern is unattainable perfection. If Moss is ever obsessed with anything connected with motor racing, I think it will be with that idea. But I can assure you that he does not love danger best; he does not love danger at all. No driver who does can last in Grand Prix competition.

KEN W. PURDY

Wilton, Conn.

The Ax?

Sir:

As any experienced ax man will tell you, if Floyd Patterson doesn't handle his right hand more sophistically on June 20 than he does in his wood-chopping exhibition, Ingemar "will chop him down again."

ED MACKAY

Seattle

Better Than Ever?

Sir:

I never expected to be sorry that our children read TIME when it comes every week, but after seeing the picture of Anita Ekberg in the May 30 issue, and reading the article about the Cannes Film Festival, it seems that even TIME needs expurgating.

ESTHER LILLY

Wethersfield, Conn.

Sir:

I'm convinced the slogan should more correctly be "Movies are better than ever." These films which pleased the critics and "the professional cinema crowd" were based on sex and sex alone. I'm certainly no puritan, but I think we've reached the saturation point with this sort of thing. Frankly, I'm sick of being shocked!

ARLINE M. APPEL

Shrewsbury, Mass.

Sir:

Anita Ekberg is a lovely, lovely thing; but when did sex become a spectator sport?

GERARD STODDARD

Ithaca, N.Y.

The Great Plan

Sir:

Your attention is called to an unfortunate and unwarranted implication in the article headed "Big Brother" in your June 6 issue. According to the article, I first attempted to interest the University of Oklahoma in a curriculum improvement plan and that, getting nowhere, I then proposed the idea to Oklahoma City University.

This is completely and absolutely false. "The Great Plan" idea originated within the board of trustees of Oklahoma City University, and therefore, it was never contemplated that officials of other schools in Oklahoma would be approached, nor were they.

The quotation about the recruiting of scholars is out of context and the inference made is completely erroneous. Never at any time have I said or implied anything which would "cast a bit of sarcasm at the University of Oklahoma."

DEAN A. MCGEE
Chairman

The Great Plan Committee
Oklahoma City University
Oklahoma City

¶ TIME admires the ability of Oilman McGee, partner of Oklahoma Senator Robert Kerr, to carry water on both shoulders.—Ed.

Sir:

The students of the University of Oklahoma are justifiably proud of their football team. They are also justifiably proud of the scholastic achievements of their university and its continuous quest for academic excellence.

JED JOHNSON JR.
President, Student Body

University of Oklahoma
Norman, Okla.

Mothers' Lament

Sir:

Re your May 23 story about the importance of dreams to health: I've often pondered why, after a night of answering the children's intermittent needs, I feel as though I have been up all night even though the time spent out-of-bed-and-awake only totals ten or 15 minutes.

I'll say I'm irritable and upset during waking hours! Extracting one's groggy self from a warm bed is maddening enough but when one fails to get to the last page of half a dozen or more dreams, small wonder that a mother's sanity is threatened. Aye, even to a "catastrophic breakdown."

methinks Dr. William Dement has discovered another contributing cause of the Tired Mother disease.

MRS. JAMES D. ANDERSON
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

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High tide of American valor

"Gettysburg was an act of fate: a three-day explosion of storm and flame and terror, unplanned and uncontrollable. It would come to symbolize all the war, as if the blunders and the heroism, the hopes and the delusions, the combativeness and the incomprehensible devotion of all Americans had been summed up once and for all in one monstrous act of violence."

Bruce Catton
PULITZER PRIZE HISTORIAN

AUTHOR OF "THIS HALLOWED GROUND," DOUBLEDAY & CO.

The 2500 acres of Gettysburg Battlefield comprise one of our largest government-owned shrines. It is also our proudest and, in many ways, our most beautiful.

Certainly, it is a shrine you should see. There are 840 monuments here, each recalling an attack or a defense, a regiment or a man. Sixty miles of paved roads take you to every historic point. Five observation towers give you an excellent bird's-eye view of the most terrible battle of our most terrible war. You can stand and sight along the barrels of 233

Union guns or 182 Confederate cannons, standing just as they stood on those fateful July days in '63.

More importantly, you will stand at Gettysburg with your eyes closed, and your mind will be touched by the hand of history, and your spirit will feel the inspiration that gave Lincoln his finest speech.

All Americans, North and South, can take pride in Gettysburg. Millions of us have forebears who fought on one side, or the other, hotly defending their own ideas of liberty. This great

battlefield, so beautifully preserved by our National Park Service, is a tribute to the men who fought here. But America, today united from sea to sea, is their monument.

FREE TOUR INFORMATION Plan now to visit Gettysburg or some other Civil War Battlefield. Let us help plan your trip to include scenic vacation spots. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

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Bernard M. Auer



The writer of this week's cover story on Suburbia is about as expert as a man can be on the subject of the suburban wife: he is married to one. TIME Associate Editor Jesse Birnbaum, his wife Elizabeth and their two children—David, 9, and Daniel, 4—live in a well-mortgaged, brick and shingle split-level in the seven-year-old Lakeview Estates development in East Meadow, L.I., 30 miles east of Manhattan. There, Mrs. Birnbaum, who holds an M.A. from the Eastman School of Music, and was once a member of the music faculty at Baylor University, is an active professional violinist and music instructor. The gardener of the Birnbaums' 60-ft. by 105-ft. plot, sometime block captain for charity drives and Sunday-school music teacher.

While Writer Birnbaum had the advantage of this firsthand source, he was also provided with the extensive research of 21 TIME correspondents, who roamed the suburbs encircling 21 U.S. metropolitan centers from Philadelphia to San Francisco, Portland, Me. to Dallas. Interviewing hundreds of commuting doctors, lawyers and P.T.A. chiefs, not to mention their wives, the reporters produced more than 400 pages of the rich lore of Suburbia.

Still, perhaps the most vividly revealing tableau of suburban housewife-in-action came right at home while Jesse Birnbaum was writing the cover story. Wife Beth was waiting for admission to a Manhattan hospital for a minor operation. In the last hours before she took to a hospital bed, while running a fever from a throat infection, she went through a schedule that would have exhausted a Pilgrim's wife. She gave two music lessons, did a week's marketing, and decorated the den for an evening recital of one of

The next morning Beth dropped Jesse at the Merrick, L.I. Railroad station, returned home to chauffeur the children to a cub-scout jamboree at nearby Mitchell Air Force Base. On her way back, she stopped to pick up one of her students, arrived home in time to answer the phone. It was the hospital: her bed was ready. She proceeded to give the music lesson, sped back to the base, which she had to cover from end to end in the rain before she could locate the children. She took them home, fed and dressed them, packed, loaded them in the station wagon and drove the 30 miles to Manhattan where she was met by her husband and her suburban-New Jersey sister-in-law, who took command of the children. Then, having made sure that she could take the time, Beth checked into the hospital.

* As a musician, Beth has much in common with the woman who was the model for this week's cover. Artist James Chapin based his symbolic portrait of the suburban wife on a painting he did several years ago of Mrs. Jean Goherman of Scarsdale, N.Y., a professional cellist and also an Eastman alumna.

er Story

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SHORT STORY ABOUT LONG DISTANCE



"Been in town two hours . . .



haven't even seen him yet . . .



can't make money this way!



Boy—am I a chump . . .



for not calling ahead . . .



by Long Distance!"

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Long Distance pays off! Use it now . . . for all it's worth!



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

On to Tokyo

Dwight Eisenhower said his farewells briskly to the U.S. officials and foreign diplomats who clustered around the ramp at Maryland's Andrews Air Force Base. After 7½ years and 95,000 miles of presidential diplomacy, his leave-takings had become fairly routine. But this time the atmosphere crackled with a historic difference: the President of the U.S. was off on a two-week swing through the Far East with Japan a major stop, and howling, Red-led Japanese mobs were threatening bodily harm if he did not cancel his visit.

The threats were made grimly explicit earlier in the week when thousands of Japanese leftists, singing the *Internationale* and responding on cue to the orders of their leaders, mobbed Ike's advance men, Press Secretary James Hagerty and White House Appointments Secretary Thomas Stephens, as they tried to drive to the city from Tokyo's International Airport with U.S. Ambassador Douglas MacArthur II (see FOREIGN NEWS). Tokyo's police chief flatly announced that he could not "guarantee Eisenhower's safety" when the President arrives next Sunday.

First Leg. "As you know," said the President in a brief statement before take-off, "there have been public warnings that I should not visit the Far East at this time." Nevertheless, he felt a "compelling responsibility . . . within the American mission of free-world leadership . . . neither to postpone nor to cancel my visit . . . If the trip now ahead of me were concerned principally with the support of a regime or a treaty or a disputed policy, if it were intended merely to bolster a particular program, or to achieve a limited objective, such a journey would have no real justification. But this trip . . . represents an important phase of a program whose paramount objective was, and is, to improve the climate of international understanding . . . We should not permit unpleasant incidents and sporadic turmoil, inspired by misled or hostile agents, to dim for us the concrete and gratifying results."

Twelve minutes ahead of schedule, the President, his son, Lieut. Colonel John Eisenhower, and John's wife Barbara climbed aboard the sleek orange-and-silver jet. With a final wave, Ike was off for the first leg of his 22,795-mile trip, to Anchorage, Alaska. Seven and a half hours

later, he touched down in Anchorage to a welcome by Governor William Egan. Then he hustled off with Press Secretary Hagerty, who had flown in from Tokyo, for a lengthy conference.

Second Thought. All week long the State Department had pondered the wisdom of Ike's going to Japan. Coincidentally, the President's three-day visit will begin on the day the new U.S.-Japanese mutual-defense treaty becomes effective. In recent months, Communist-directed leftists have launched a frenzied drive to topple Premier Nobusuke Kishi's government and torpedo the treaty. To retreat before the agitation of a Communist-led minority would be certain to weaken pro-U.S. forces in Asia, perhaps bring the downfall of the Kishi government and the treaty too.

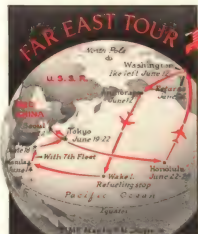
Ambassador MacArthur strongly urged that Ike's date be kept. The State Department's Far Eastern experts predicted that the rough treatment of Hagerty would rally pro-Western Japanese and shame the police into more effective action against the rioters. They also pinned hopes on the traditional—if waning—Japanese respect for Emperor Hirohito, who will meet the President at the airport and accompany him on the ten-mile drive to town. Canceled was Ike's round of golf with Kishi, but he still planned to give his scheduled speech to the Diet.

Old Hand. Overshadowed by the troubles in Japan were the prospects of memorable welcomes at the President's other major Asian stops:

THE PHILIPPINES (three days). "We launched our first major program to help a developing people achieve a prosperous independence in the Philippines," said the President in his take-off speech. Notified only two weeks ago that Manila would be added to Ike's schedule, the city has feverishly refurbished the presidential palace as the President's headquarters, erected a bamboo arch and "Mabuhay Ike" banner, and planned a crowded schedule of ceremonial wreath-layings, speeches and state dinners in the sweltering heat. More important, Ike will get the word that the Philippine government has been taking strong steps to clean up its notoriously graft-ridden politics (see FOREIGN NEWS). Ike is an old Philippine hand: as a young major he served from 1935 to 1939 as General Douglas MacArthur's assistant military adviser in Manila, won the admiration of Commonwealth President Manuel Quezon for his hard work and



Associated Press
IKE IN ALASKA EN ROUTE TO JAPAN
He felt a compelling responsibility.





CANDIDATE NIXON
A discussion in depth.

ability to lose diplomatically at poker sessions aboard the presidential yacht.

FORMOSA (one day). "With the Republic of China," said Eisenhower in his speech, "we have helped demonstrate to the world that a free people can hold high its precious national heritage against all efforts to destroy it." Aboard the cruiser *St. Paul*, Ike will go from Manila to Formosa for an overnight stay in Taipei as the guest of Nationalist China's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Ike will report to Chiang on the summit blowup, go the course in speechmaking and wreath-laying. During his visit, state-owned railways will let passengers ride free to Taipei from any place on the island. Against a likely background of Communist shelling of the offshore islands, the Nationalists may press the President for long-range guarantees of Formosa's position in U.S. defense plans.

KOREA (eight hours). "This republic," said the President, is "a bulwark on the frontier of the free world." Ike will address the National Assembly and confer with Acting Chief of State Huh Chung during a fast-paced day. Doubling back to Japan the same night, he will stop long enough to change planes, then head east on a nighttime flight across the Pacific to Hawaii, an enormous aloha and several days of rest in the sunshine.

REPUBLICANS

Banner with a Strange Device

During his hour-and-a-quarter breakfast with President Eisenhower last week, New York's Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller was like a well-behaved nephew who gave no hint that he was planning to explode a firecracker right in his uncle's lap. Rockefeller chatted amiably about the future of the Republican Party and the importance of "issues" in the coming campaign. Recalled the President later

with a twinkle: "Nelson said I'd been a pretty good President. He didn't have much to quarrel about except the defense budget."

That afternoon at a Manhattan press conference Rocky tossed his firecracker.

Plain Talk. "We have come to a time that calls for plain talk," he said, reading off a 2,700-word statement aimed directly at Vice President Nixon and indirectly at the whole Eisenhower Administration. "I am deeply convinced, and deeply concerned, that those now assuming control of the Republican Party have failed to make clear where this party is heading and where it proposes to lead the nation. I find it unreasonable—in these times—that the leading Republican candidate for the presidential nomination has firmly insisted upon making known his program and his policies not before, but only after nomination by his party." The nation and the party, he said, cannot proceed "to meet the future with a banner aloft whose only emblem is a question mark."

To show the nation and the party that his own emblem is not a question mark, Rockefeller read off a ten-point program of which the three main points called for: **¶** A \$3 billion increase in the defense budget, plus a \$500 million civil defense program, "to meet the physical danger in which America lives." U.S. long-range missiles are "inferior in number" to the Russians', U.S. bomber bases are "defenseless," limited-war forces are "inadequate in strength and mobility."

¶ An economic growth rate of 5% or 6% a year (average growth rate of the U.S. economy over the past half-century: 3% a year), tax reform "to encourage investment," elimination of featherbedding "by labor or management."

¶ A Democratic-style program of federal medical aid to the aged instead of the "unsound" Republican Administration plan, a voluntary program that relies on state administration.

Soft Answer. In some of the early versions of his statement, Rockefeller had assumed a poor Nixon showing in the California primary, but this was edited out (Nixon's California vote topped that of Democratic Governor Pat Brown). But Rocky's big bang still shocked some G.O.P. elders. Republican National Chairman Thruston B. Morton called his manifesto an "attack on the record of the Administration," acidly predicted that Democratic campaigners would quote it "liberally." Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater rapped Rockefeller as a "rich man's Harold Stassen."

Nixon moved in fast to quiet the Republican howling ("Remember November") by setting a soft-answer tone in his own reply to Rockefeller. Since Rockefeller disagrees with some Administration policies, said Nixon at a tense and crowded press conference in Camden, N.J., it is right for him to voice his disagreement publicly. Then he proceeded to kill Rocky with open kindness and veiled sarcasm.

If Rockefeller remained silent, said Nixon, he "would not be being true to himself, and I think would not serve

either the party or the country." Blandly, Nixon added: "I think I can assure him that his oft-expressed desire that he not be drafted as a candidate for Vice President will be respected—certainly by me." As for his own views on national issues, Nixon went on, he has set them forth in detail. He would be "very willing and happy" to meet with Rockefeller on TV for a "discussion in depth, in which he can ask any questions on any issues."

Taken aback, Rockefeller ran away from this suggestion. "I have stated my positions on the questions I have posed," he said. "I invite the Vice President to state his. To do this, he does not need me to interrogate him on television."

To make clear its unwavering support for Nixon, the Republican National Committee wound up a three-day strategy meeting in Washington by unanimously adopting a resolution praising Eisenhower and Nixon jointly for "their conduct of the people's affairs during the past 7½



Associated Press
REPUBLICAN ROCKEFELLER
A rich man's Stassen?

years." It was a resounding whoop of support for Richard Nixon.

Bagful of Answers. What was the boy up to? Pundits and politicians pondered, came up with a collective bagful of answers. Among them:

Rocky is an earnest and patriotic man who feels compelled to provoke debate on the nation's growing problems. This was the explanation of Rockefeller himself and his advisers.

Rockefeller still cherishes a hope of wresting the Republican nomination away from Nixon in 1960. He has announced that he would accept a draft, considered for awhile last week a proposal to announce his open candidacy.

With an eye on 1964, Rockefeller wants Nixon defeated in 1960. Rocky has promised to support the convention's nominee, but the Nixon forces have all but written off pivotal New York to the Democrats.

Rockefeller is harboring thoughts of a third-party bolt in the style of Theodore Roosevelt's 1912 Bull Moose revolt. Right-leaning Columnist David Lawrence and left-leaning Columnist Murray Kempton, who rarely agree on anything, both detected a scent of Bull Moose in the air, pointed out that no Republican presidential hopeful has openly attacked a Republican administration since T.R. blasted William Howard Taft in 1912.

Melted Ice. At week's end, Rockefeller's icy tone toward Nixon melted into proper smiles when the two men met at the opening of the British Exhibition in Manhattan's Coliseum and exchanged what may have been the most insincere greetings of the week. "Hiya, fella," said Rocky. "Nice to see you again!"

"It's good to see you, Nelson," said Nixon.

At a meeting of the Republican National Committee next day, Nixon called upon Republicans to discuss national issues, but



Ben Morris

DEMOCRAT HUGHES

A rich man's ghost.

to "disagree on them without being disagreeable." The Republican Party "will win if we're united," he said. "We'll lose if we are divided." The committeemen and state chairmen gave him a standing ovation. At that point it seemed that Nelson Rockefeller's firecracker, having made everybody jump, had left not a tremor behind.

A Fine Hand

After reading Nelson Rockefeller's blast at Vice President Nixon last week, President Eisenhower remarked with a trace of bitterness in his voice: "I see the fine hand of Emmet in this." By Emmet he meant Emmet John Hughes, his own speechwriter during the 1952 and 1956 campaigns.

The President's recognition of a familiar style and tone was accurate. Emmet Hughes, 30, wrote most of Governor Rock-

efeller's manifesto—and has written many of Rocky's other major speeches and statements since last autumn. And if it is remarkable that a man who wrote Eisenhower campaign speeches should write a Rockefeller statement sharply criticizing the Eisenhower Administration's record, it is even more remarkable that he is a Democrat (a "dissident" or "wandering" Democrat, he specifies), who, under the President's auspices, delivered a major address to the 1956 Republican Convention.

Three-Hatted Tasks. Handsome Emmet Hughes, son of a New Jersey judge, always had a way with words. Raised a Roman Catholic, he published his first book, *The Church and the Liberal Society*, a few years after his graduation, *summa cum laude*, from Princeton in 1941. He spent the war years at the U.S. embassy in Spain, doing three-hatted tasks for the State Department, the Office of War Information, and U.S. Army Intelligence. From his Spanish years came his second book, the anti-Franco *Report From Spain* (1947).

Hughes went to work for Time Inc. as head of its Rome bureau in 1946, served as head of the Berlin bureau during the airlift, later became text editor of *LIFE*. During the 1952 campaign, feeling that Dwight Eisenhower could provide the foreign-policy leadership that Hughes believed the nation needed, he got a leave of absence from Time Inc. to write speeches for Ike. Hughes is generally credited with suggesting to Candidate Eisenhower a line that made eminent good sense to a life-long military man and became the campaign's most famous and most politically effective promise: "I shall go to Korea."

After serving as an Eisenhower assistant during the first year of the new Administration, Hughes returned to Time Inc. In 1957 he became chief of correspondents of Time Inc.'s Foreign News Service. Last November he published his third book, *America the Vincible*, a sharp attack on Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy as a tangle of contradictions, myths and catch phrases. Hughes himself strongly urged continuous negotiations with the Russians. Some critics called it brilliant and eloquent, and one New York Times reviewer called it "the whither-are-we-drifting volume to end whither-are-we-drifting volumes."

Slashing Pencil. Two prominent Republicans showed opposite reactions to the book. Dwight Eisenhower, slashing away with a red pencil, read it with mounting anger. Nelson Rockefeller read it and offered Hughes a job. Last March Hughes resigned from Time Inc. to become the Rockefeller brothers' "senior adviser on public policy and public relations."¹⁰ In that position, Democrat Hughes, who is bitterly anti-Nixon, has worked just as diligently as he did for Eisenhower to aid the presidential ambitions of Nelson Rockefeller.

¹⁰ Time Inc.'s chief of domestic correspondents, James R. Shupey, is on leave for the 1960 campaign as a staff aide to Vice President Richard Nixon.

Missionary at the Mike

The Republican high command took one good hard look at the Democrats' boyish, oratorical keynote. Idaho Senator Frank Church, 35, and decided that by the time the Republican Convention rolled around it would be time for a change. They set out in search of a keynote speaker who would be 1) a Midwesterner, 2) with evident maturity and 3) enough stature in foreign affairs to personify a cold-war tough line. Skipping over the heads of the Republican Governors, the G.O.P.'s Convention arrangements committee lighted on one of the most remarkable men in Congress: Minnesota's nine-term Congressman Walter H. Judd, 61.

Son of a hard-up Nebraska farmer and a schoolteacher mother, Walter Judd earned his way through the University of Nebraska as a dishwasher, got a Phi Beta Kappa and an M.D. ('23). Young Dr. Judd then sailed to China as a medical missionary for the Congregational Church, was almost killed by malaria and by Communist rebels. He came back to the U.S. in 1938 to preach of the peril of Japanese expansion, made 1,400 speeches in two years urging the U.S. to stop sending war supplies to the Japanese. "I spent my time taking American scrap out of Chinese men, women and children," he told House and Senate hearings.

After Pearl Harbor, he was elected to Congress by Minneapolis neighbors who raised his funds and ran his campaign. In the capital he championed the cause of Nationalist China's Chiang Kai-shek when it was highly unpopular—a stand for which the Cowles-owned Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune* still persistently belabor him. He thundered against the perils of the Chinese Communists, recently helped get statements from 7,000 Protestant clergymen backing his stand against U.S. recognition of Red China. He fought for



UPI

KEYNOTER JUDD
A voice of experience.

foreign aid ("It offers the way to get the most security for the least cost") and help for Iron Curtain refugees ("Every refugee who comes out is a vote for our society"). When Nikita Khrushchev came to the U.S., Judd was among the minority who protested, and he refused to dine with U.S.-touring Anastas Mikoyan ("For the same reason we would not attend a social function honoring Hitler, Himmler, Nero or Genghis Khan").

Judd was surprised to be chosen to make the keynote speech but not at a loss for words. "I started writing that speech in 1942," he told a newsmen. Which means that Walter Judd knows why he is a Republican, why he calls himself a "progressive conservative," and why he thinks Republicans are the best folks to entrust with the management of the nation's domestic and foreign affairs. He intends to see that the nation knows too.

POLITICAL NOTES

View from the Summit

Regardless of their political preferences, U.S. voters do not blame the Republicans for the summit failure. Not one of the voters he interviewed, reports United Feature's doorbell-ringing Pollster Sam Lubell this week, is shifting his vote to the Democrats. A 5 to 1 majority of all voters praised Ike's "dignity" in the face of the Khrushchev tirade, and three out of four were in favor of larger defense expenditures. Most people were sticking to their original, presummit choice for the presidency; Vice President Nixon, because of his experience, got a "small boost" out of increased concern about war.

Lubell's findings seemed to dovetail with the responses to a new Gallup poll, which asked the question: If a summit meeting is held next year, whom would you like to represent the U.S. as President? The answers:

Kennedy 37%	Nixon 49%	Don't Know 14%
Stevenson 35%	Nixon 51%	Don't Know 14%

Who's for Whom

¶ In California's primary elections, Richard Nixon trotted into the winner's circle with more votes than his Democratic rival, Governor Edmund ("Pat") Brown. Unopposed on the G.O.P. ballot, Native Son Nixon nevertheless attracted 59% of the registered Republicans to the polls for a rousing 1,475,595 vote of confidence—despite an attempt by Rockefeller outriders to encourage a "silent" stay-away vote. The Democrats polled 53% of their registered vote, but Brown found nothing very cheering in his 1,327,245 vote tally or the fact that his Democratic rival, Old-Age Pension Promoter George McLaughlin, registered a surprising 634,950 total.

¶ The queen mother of the Democratic Party broke her vow of preconvention silence to endorse a ticket headed by Adlai Stevenson. Acknowledging the commanding lead of Jack Kennedy over Stevenson

and all other Democratic candidates (see box), Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, 75, nevertheless hoped that in the light of the summit blowup, Kennedy, 43, would show "unselfishness and courage" and accept the vice-presidential nomination, where he would have "the opportunity to grow and learn."

¶ A corporal's guard of eggheads who were true to Stevenson in 1952 and 1956 drafted a letter endorsing Kennedy in hopes of starting a liberal stampede to the Kennedy banner. Signers: Harvard's Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and John K. Galbraith, Amherst's Henry Steele Commager and Washington Lawyer Joseph Rauh, onetime chairman of Americans for Democratic Action. In Manhattan, a regiment of eggheads closed the gap in their ranks



ELEANOR and "ELEANOR"
A sign from a queen mother.

with a Draft Stevenson Committee, signed a loyalty pledge supporting their favorite candidate. Among the signers: Poets Carl Sandburg and Archibald MacLeish, Authors John Steinbeck and John Hersey, Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr, Critic John Mason Brown, Playwright-Producer George Abbott, Composer-Conductor Leonard Bernstein.

¶ The son and widow of Wendell Willkie, the surprise Republican presidential nominee of 1940, jointly endorsed the predictable nominee of 1960, Vice President Nixon. Nixon, said Philip Willkie, is "the best qualified and most experienced man in both foreign and domestic affairs."

¶ In California, Lawyer Murray Chotiner, campaign manager for Dick Nixon in races for Congress, the Senate and the vice-presidency, failed in his own first race for the Republican congressional nomination in the affluent 16th (Beverly Hills) District. After 1956 charges that he had

¶ On location at Hyde Park for *Summit at Camp David* with Actress Greer Garson, who plays the young Eleanor Roosevelt.

been an influence peddler around Washington, Murray Chotiner abruptly retired from Nixon's life, campaigned for Congress this spring with glacial silence from Nixon, lost to a soft-hitting wealthy gillman, Alphonzo E. Bell Jr.

¶ Montana's Democrats bypassed retiring Senator James E. Murray's hand-picked successor, selected Congressman Lee Metcalf as their nominee for Murray's Senate seat. In the Republican primary, former Congressman Orvin B. Bjare was chosen to oppose Metcalf in a tight battle in November.

Impious Tales

Humor's the true Democracy.

—R. U. Johnson, *Divided Honors*

From solons to saloonkeepers, every wag had his political gag as the election moon waxed bright. The word around the Pentagon last week was that if Nelson Rockefeller believes the nation needs \$3 billion more for defense, "why doesn't he write a check?" New York Times Pundit Arthur Krock figured that "the inter-partisan confusion could now be resolved if the Democrats would nominate their favorite Republican, Rockefeller, and the Republicans their favorite Democrat, Lyndon Johnson." In the Senate, Minnesota's Eugene McCarthy spotted the reason his favorite candidate, Hubert Humphrey, lost the West Virginia primary: "Hubert told the Protestants not to vote for him for religious reasons, Jack Kennedy told the Catholics not to vote for him for religious reasons, and Hubert was just more persuasive."

Other impious tales current in the nation last week:

¶ Adlai Stevenson and aides encounter Nikita Khrushchev during his visit to the U.S.:

Nikita: I have some tips for you on how to seize power.

Adlai (horrified): That's not the way we do things here.

Aide to Adlai: Shut up and listen—he might have something.

¶ Father Joe Kennedy sits down for a man-to-man talk with his son, Jack.

Father: What do you want to be, son? Jack: I want to be President.

Father: I know. I know—but what do you want to be when you grow up?

¶ Vice President Nixon is approached by a little old lady after one of his speeches:

Little Old Lady: Is it true, Mr. Nixon, that you were born in a log cabin?

Nixon: No, madam. It is not. Perhaps you were thinking of Abraham Lincoln. I was born in a manger.

¶ Three Democratic hopefuls are bantering in the Senate cloakroom:

Symington: I had a dream last night. The good Lord came to me and, in a blaze of white light, he told me he was going to make me President.

Kennedy: That's funny, Stu, I had the same dream.

Johnson: Maybe so, but I don't remember talking to either of you guys last night.

HOW THE DEMOCRATS STAND

Four weeks before the Los Angeles convention, the battle for the Democratic presidential nomination seemed to go underground as the contenders, their aides and strategists were busier than an ant colony in their quests for delegates and deals. TIME correspondents, checking the politicians and delegates across the nation, found Jack Kennedy still well ahead despite a psychological post-summit uneasiness about his youth and lack of diplomatic experience, counted up a minimum 620 first-ballot votes for

Kennedy. (Needed to win: 761.) In second place was Lyndon Johnson, with 410½ votes, grounded on the rock of the Solid South. Stuart Symington (104½ votes), Adlai Stevenson (41) and Hubert Humphrey (51½) trailed. If the voting goes into a second ballot, Kennedy's indicated strength should carry him over the finish line with 765½ votes. But if the Kennedy bandwagon should be wrecked, Stuart Symington, with widely scattered support all over the nation, probably stands to gain the most.

Alabama (29 votes): So far, 8½ votes have declared for Johnson, 7 for Georgia's Richard Russell (probably ultimately for Johnson), and 13 for Symington. Kennedy can probably count at least 10 on the second ballot.

Alaska (9): Uncommitted, with 1½ votes each for Johnson and Symington, 3 votes for Kennedy and 3 for Stevenson, but a voluntary unit rule could tip it either way at pre-convention caucus.

Arizona (17): Under a unit rule, 17 votes for Kennedy.

Arkansas (27): Johnson.

California (81): First ballot for Favorite Son Pat Brown. Unless there are unmistakable noises of a bandwagon, the delegates will split wide open on the second ballot, with Kennedy picking up the biggest boodle—at least 44 votes.

Colorado (21): Kennedy should get 10, Stevenson 6 to 8.

Connecticut (21): Kennedy.

Delaware (11): Johnson may take half the delegation, but Kennedymen count 5 votes.

Florida (29): Favorite Son George Smathers on the first ballot, with Johnson carrying about 20, Kennedy 5, and Symington 4 thereafter.

Georgia (33): A Dixiecrat movement to back Favorite Son Herman Talmadge is under way, but the unit rule should carry the state for Johnson.

Hawaii (9): Johnson, 3½; Stevenson, 3½; Kennedy, 1; Symington, ½; undecided, ½. The left-leaning labor bosses have slowed a Kennedy surge.

Idaho (13): No commitments yet, though Kennedy is the preferred choice of 15 delegates with ½ vote each. Johnson of 6, Symington of 3. Unit rule becomes effective on the second ballot, should throw the vote to Kennedy.

Illinois (69): The traditional split is forecast, with Chicago Mayor Richard Daley shepherding 52 delegates into the Kennedy fold, most of the downstate strays going over to Symington. Daley, boss of Cook County, should hold his two-thirds of the delegation through the second ballot; if the bandwagon breaks down, Symington will find easy pickings.

Indiana (34): All first-ballot votes for Kennedy as a result of his primary victory; perhaps 8 or 10 for Symington on the second.

Iowa (26): First-ballot bow to Governor Herschel Loveless, a Kennedy supporter and vice-presidential hopeful. On the second ballot Kennedy has a rock-bottom count of 20, Symington of 6, ½

Kansas (21): First-round courtesy vote for Governor George Docking. Under unit rule, Kennedy-leaning Docking could carry the state for Kennedy thereafter, though strong Symington support makes the balance close.

Kentucky (31): Johnson counts on 22 votes, Kennedy 3, Symington and Stevenson 2 or 3 apiece.

Louisiana (26): Johnson on the first ballot, though a wildcard Dixiecrat movement might change the voting order.

Maine (15): Rockbound Kennedy.

Maryland (24): Committed to Kennedy on first ballot by primary vote; Johnson and Symington could pick up a few on subsequent ballots.

Massachusetts (41): Kennedy's own.

Michigan (51): Governor G. Mennen Williams has "pledged" the state to Kennedy but the delegates are not bound to follow him, and Walter Reuther, a major power, has so far held off a formal endorsement of Kennedy. Current guess: Kennedy, 40 votes on the first ballot, the rest for Symington and Stevenson.

Minnesota (31): The delegation will go where Humphrey takes it, and best guessing is that he will climb on the Kennedy bandwagon.

Mississippi (23): Will probably wind up in Johnson's camp.

Missouri (39): Symington's home state will support him firmly.

Montana (17): Kennedy looks good for 10 on first ballot, with Symington, Stevenson and Johnson splitting the rest.

Nebraska (16): 11 for Kennedy, 5 for Symington, with the possibility of an odd ½ vote straying from Stu to Ohio's Frank Lausche.

Nevada (15): Sentimentally disposed to give 8 votes to Kennedy, 6 to Johnson, 1 to Symington.

New Hampshire (11): Kennedy.

New Jersey (41): Governor Robert Meyner is desperately trying to maintain his favorite-son status, but Kennedy now has at least 32 votes, may sweep the delegation by convention time.

New Mexico (17): Presumed to be Johnson's own until last fortnight's state convention, the delegation will now give at least 4 votes to Kennedy.

New York (114): The biggest and one of the iffiest states is still in a faction-torn dither, but Kennedy's impressive strength upstate and in the Roman Catholic walls of New York City transcends all local political fights, should yield him at least 90 votes. Kennedy already has the open endorsement

of such powers as the Kings and Bronx County chairmen, and despite the preferences of such erstwhile kingmakers as Eleanor Roosevelt (for Stevenson), James Farley (Johnson) and Carmine De Sapio (leaning to Symington), no one else can approach Kennedy's total.

North Carolina (37): Johnson should win 32 votes, with Stevenson and Symington getting 2 apiece and Kennedy a single vote.

North Dakota (11): Kennedy.

Ohio (64): Committed to Kennedy, who took Governor Mike Di Salle into camp last January.

Oklahoma (29): Johnson.

Oregon (17): For Kennedy, by preferential primary right.

Pennsylvania (81): Symington has 6 votes and so has Kennedy, but the majority of the delegates are still awaiting a signal from Governor David Lawrence and Philadelphia Boss Bill Green. Kennedy counts 41 "probables," Johnson promises a big "surprise," and Symington hopes for Lawrence's blessing (which he may yet get).

Rhode Island (17): Kennedy.

South Carolina (21): Under a unit-rule vote, all votes go to Johnson.

South Dakota (11): Symington and Kennedy worth 4½ votes each and Johnson getting the rest.

Tennessee (33): Johnson's as long as he wants it.

Texas (61): L.B.J. all the way.

Utah (13): Kennedy, 6½; Symington, 2½; Johnson, 1½; uncommitted, 2½.

Vermont (9): Kennedy.

Virginia (33): Pledged to Johnson.

Washington (27): Something for everybody, with Kennedy getting 7½ votes and Stevenson 7.

West Virginia (25): Although Kennedy won the bloody primary, he has just 12 votes, with Johnson second, with 8 votes, and Symington and Stevenson sharing the rest.

Wisconsin (31): Kennedy, 20½; Humphrey, 10½, with powerful state leaders determined to lead most of Humphrey's strength to Kennedy on second ballot.

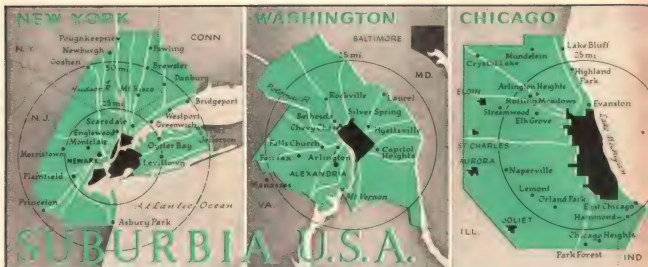
Wyoming (15): 6 votes committed to Kennedy, 3 leaning toward him, the rest leaning toward Johnson.

Canal Zone (4): All for Kennedy.

District of Columbia (9): 7 votes still belong to Non-Candidate Humphrey; 2 have swung to Symington.

Puerto Rico (7): Toward Kennedy.

Virgin Islands (4): For Kennedy.



AMERICANA

The Roots of Home

[See Cover]

The wreath that rings every U.S. metropolis is a green garland of place names and people collectively called Suburbia. It weaves through the hills beyond the cities, marches across flatlands that once were farms and pastures, dips into gullies and woodlands, straddles the rocky hills and surrounds the lonesome crossroads. Oftener than not it has a lilting polyphony that sings of trees (Streamwood, Elmwood, Lakewood, Kirkwood), the rolling country (Cedar Hill, Cockrell Hill, Forest Hills), or the primeval timberlands (Forest Grove, Park Forest, Oak Park, Deer Park). But it has its roots in such venerable names as Salem, Greenwich, Chester, Berkeley, Evanston, Sewickley and Rye.

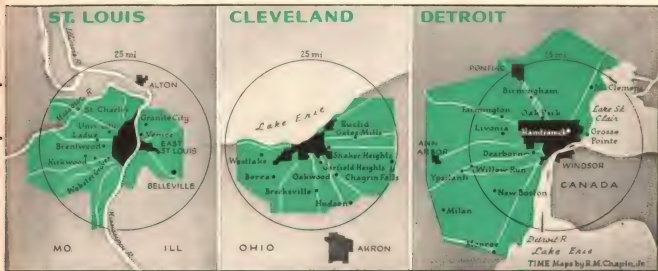
In those towns and hills and groves last week the splendor of a new summer seemed, as always, to give a new lilt to life. The hills and fields triumphed with fresh green grass. In the old towns, the giant oaks and elms throw rich new shade across the white colonial mansions and the square, peaked-roofed clapboard houses. In fresh-minted subdivisions, sycamore stripplings strained at their stakes to promise token cover for the bare houses of glass, steel, stone and shingle that have sprouted (19 million since 1940) as from a bottomless nest of Chinese boxes. School buses headed toward the season's last mile; power mowers and outboard motors pulsed the season's first promise. Fragrance of honeysuckle and roses overlay the smell of charcoal and seared beef. The thud of baseball against mitt, the abrasive grind of roller skate against concrete, the jarring harmony of the Good Humor bell tolled the day; the clink of ice, the distant laugh, the surge of hi-fi through the open window came with the night.

A March for Causes. For better or for worse, Suburbia in the 1960s is the U.S.'s grass-roots. In Suburbia live one-third of the nation, roughly 60 million people

who represent every patch of democracy's hand-stitched quilt, every economic layer, every laboring and professional pursuit in the country. Suburbia is the nation's broadening young middle class, staking out its claim across the landscape, prospecting on a trial-and-error basis for the good way of life for itself and for the children that it produces with such rapidity. It is, as Social Scientist Max Lerner (*America as a Civilization*) has put it, "the focus of most of the forces that are remaking American life today."

If Suburbia's avid social honeybees buzz from address to address in search of sweet status, Suburbia is at the same time the home of the talented and distinguished Americans who write the nation's books, paint its paintings, run its corporations and set the patterns.* If its le-

* Among them: Golfer Bobby Jones, Buckhead (near Atlanta); Boston Symphony Conductor Charles Munch, Milton (Boston); United Fruit Co. Board Chairman George P. Gardner Jr., Brookline (Boston); Biographer Richard Ellman, Evanston (Chicago); Ex-Baseballer Bob Feller, Gates Mills (Cleveland); Pediatrician Author Benjamin Spock, Cleveland Heights (Cleveland); Martin Co. (aircraft) Chairman George Bunker, Englewood (Denver); Hockey Star Gordie Howe, Lathrup Village (Detroit); Architect Eero Saarinen, Bloomfield Hills (Detroit); Kansas City Star President Roy Roberts, Mission Hills (Kansas City); Douglas Aircraft Chairman Donald Douglas Sr., Rolling Hills (Los Angeles); Caltech President Lee A. DuBridge, Pasadena (Los Angeles); Architect Wallace K. Harrison, Huntington, L.I. (New York); Composers Gian Carlo Menotti and Samuel Barber, Mt. Kisco (New York); Author John Hersey, Southport, Conn. (New York); Secretary of Defense Thomas Gates, Devon (Philadelphia); Secretary of the Treasury Robert Anderson, Greenwich, Conn. (New York); Artist Andrew Wyeth, Chadds Ford (Philadelphia); Westinghouse Electric Corp. Chairman Gerdny Price, Carnegie (Pittsburgh); United Steelworkers President David McDonald, Mt. Lebanon (Pittsburgh); National Council of Churches President Edwin Dahlberg, University City (St. Louis); Semantist S. I. Hayakawa, Mill Valley (San Francisco); Boeing Airplane Co. President William Allen, The Highlands (Seattle); Supreme Court Associate Justice Hugo Black, Alexandria (Washington, D.C.).



gions sometimes march into frantic activity with rigorous unison, they march for such causes as better schools, churches and charities, which are the building blocks of a nation's character. If Suburbia's ardent pursuit of life at backyard barbecues, block parties and committee meetings offends pious city-bred sociologists, its self-conscious strivings to find a better way for men, women and children to live together must impress the same observers.

Suburbia is a particular kind of American phenomenon, and its roots lie in a particular kind of American heritage. In a casual, ill-planned way it is the meeting ground between the growing, thriving city and the authentic U.S. legend of small-town life. Says Sociologist Alvin Seff, who lives in Los Angeles' suburban Claremont: "If you live in the city, you may be a good citizen and interest yourself in a school-board election, but it is seldom meaningful in human terms. In a suburb, the chances are you know the man who is running for the school board, and you vote for or against him with more understanding." Says Don C. Peters, president of Pittsburgh's Mellon-Stuart Co. (construction) and chairman of the board of supervisors of suburban Pine Township: "The American suburb is the last outpost of democracy, the only level left on which the individual citizen can make his wishes felt, directly and immediately. I think there's something idealistic about the search for a home in the suburbs. Call it a return to the soil. It's something that calls most people some time in their lives." When France's Charles de Gaulle saw San Francisco's suburban Palo Alto on his trip to the U.S. six weeks ago, he hailed Suburbia as "magnifique."

Hell is a City. Man has been moving to the suburbs ever since he invented the urbs. "*Rus mihi dulces sub urbe est.*" sang the Roman epigrammatist Martial in the 1st century A.D. "To me, the country on the outskirts of the city is sweet." And small wonder, for the towns and walled cities of Europe, from ancient times

through the Middle Ages and beyond, were airless, fetid places choking with humanity. The big crisis of the cities came with the Industrial Revolution. In England lonely voices cried out against the grime and stench of the cities. "Hell is a city much like London," wrote Shelley "a populous and smoky city."

By the early 20th century, middle-class Suburbia was a reality in England, and Social Historian C.F.G. Masterman was perhaps the first of a legion of urban critics to draw a bead on it. Each little red house, he wrote in 1900, "boasts its pleasant drawing room, its bow window, its little front garden . . . The women, with their single domestic servants, now so difficult to get, and so exacting when found, find time hangs rather heavy on

their hands. But there are excursions to shopping centers in the West End and pious sociabilities, occasional theater visits and the interests of home."

Flowering Green. Long before England's Masterman had his say, Philadelphians and Bostonians were moving to the outskirts of town. Ben Franklin packed up, left Philadelphia's High Street and unpacked again at the corner of Second and Sassafras, grumbling that "the din of the Market increases upon me; and that with frequent interruptions has, I find, made me say some things twice over." And after all, as one proud New Englander says "When Paul Revere needed help for the city of Boston, where did he go? The suburbs!"

At first the countryside communities

SUMMER IN OLD GREENWICH, CONN.: A NEW LILT TO LIFE





DEN MOTHER & CUB SCOUTS IN SANDY SPRINGS, GA.

Leviton—Atlanta



STREAMWOOD, ILL.
Having too good a time...



MILL VALLEY, CALIF.
Harry Red

leafed and budded with the homes of the well to do, who could afford to come and go by the seasons. By the turn of the century, U.S. Suburbia was flowering with permanent residents. Freed from the city by the trolley and rapid-transit services, and then by the automobile, hoisted gradually by a strengthening economy, the new middle-income families swept beyond the gates to buy homes of their own, from which they could commute to their jobs. When World War II ended, the sweep to the suburbs turned into a stampede. The veterans came home, the legion of war workers burst out of crowded city quarters, and in battalions they set out to find homes where the land was greener and cheaper. New settlements spread across acre upon acre; small, sleepy old towns were inundated by newcomers, and the suburban way of life became the visible substance of what a hard-working nation was working so hard for. "Eventually," observes Humorist-Exurbanite James Thurber (Cornwall, Conn.) of the steady spread of Suburbia, "this country will be called the United Cities of America. One suburb will pile into another until in New York State there'll only be Albany and New York City; and they can really fight it out in the streets. If they start shoveling in San Diego, buildings will tumble in Bangor."

The Women. The key figure in all Suburbia, the thread that weaves between family and community—the keeper of the suburban dream—is the suburban housewife. In the absence of her commuting, city-working husband, she is first of all the manager of home and brood, and beyond that a sort of aproned activist with a penchant for keeping the neighborhood and community kettle whistling. With children on her mind and under her foot, she is breakfast getter ("You can't have ice cream for breakfast because I say you can't"), laundress, house cleaner,

dishwasher, shopper, gardener, encyclopedia, arbitrator of children's disputes, policeman ("Tommy, didn't your mother ever tell you that it's not nice to go into people's houses and open their refrigerators?").

If she is not pregnant, she wonders if she is. She takes her peanut-butter sandwich lunch while standing, thinks she looks a fright, watches her weight (periodically), jabbars over the short-distance telephone with the next-door neighbor. She runs a worn track to the front door, buys more Girl Scout cookies and raffle tickets than she thinks she should, cringes from the suburban locust—the door-to-door salesman who peddles everything from storm windows to potato chips, fire-alarm systems to vacuum cleaners, diaper service to magazine subscriptions. She keeps the checkbook, frets for the day that her husband's next raise will top the flood of monthly bills (it never will)—a tide that never seems to rise as high in the city as it does in the suburbs.

She wonders if her husband will send her flowers (on no special occasion), shoos the children next door to play at the neighbor's house for a change, paints her face for her husband's return before she wrestles with dinner. Spotted through her day are blessed moments of relief or dark thoughts of escape.

Auto Nation. In Suburbia's pedocracy huge emphasis is placed on activities for the young (Washington's suburban Montgomery County, Md.—pop. 358,000—spends about \$34 million a year on youth programs). The suburban housewife might well be a can-opener cook, but she must have an appointment book and a driver's license and must be able to steer a menagerie of leggy youngsters through the streets with the coolness of a driver at the Sebring trials; the suburban sprawl and the near absence of public transportation generally mean that any des-

tination is just beyond sensible walking distance. Most children gauge walking distance at two blocks. If the theory of evolution is still working, it may well one day transform the suburban housewife's right foot into a flared paddle, grooved for easy traction on the gas pedal and brake.

As her children grow less dependent on her, Suburbia's housewife fills her newfound time with a dizzying assortment of extra-curricular projects that thrust her full steam into community life. Beyond the home-centered dinner parties, kaffeeklatsches and card parties, there is a directory-sized world of organizations devised for husbands as well as for wives (but it is the wife who keeps things organized). In New Jersey's Levittown, a projected 16,000-unit replica of the Long Island original, energetic suburbanites can sign up for at least 35 different organizations from the Volunteer Fire Department to the Great Books Club, and the Lords and Ladies Dance Club, not to mention the proliferating list of adult-education courses that keep the public school lights glowing into the night. "We have a wonderful adult-education program," says Suburbanite (Levittown, L.I.) Muriel Kane (two children), "where women can learn how to fix their own plumbing and everything."

Fighting in the Thickets. Since Suburbia was conceived for children (and vice versa), the Suburban housewife is the chief jungle fighter for school expansion and reform. Beyond that the path leads easily to the thickets of local politics. Only recently, after the Montgomery County manager whacked \$11 million from the 1961 school budget, the county council was invaded by an indignant posse of 1,000 P.T.A. members. The council scrambled to retreat, not only restored the cuts, but added a few projects of its own for good measure. The tax rate jumped 6¢ per \$100 valuation as a result, but there was scarcely a whimper.

To the north, in New York's suburban



Shel Hershorn—Black Star

RICHARDSON, TEXAS



Ben Martin

LEVITTOWN, L.I.



Tommy Weber

HUNTINGTON, L.I.

... to believe that they should be unhappy.

Scarsdale, the women's sense of responsibility has the same ring. Says Housewife Rhea Hertel (Woman's Club, Neighborhood Association, P.T.A., League of Women Voters): "If you're receiving benefits and not contributing, what kind of person are you?" Adds Scarsdale's Grace Fitzwater (Hitchcock Presbyterian Church, Woman's Club, P.T.A.): "When we lived in New York City, I roared with laughter at this sort of thing. I never knew anyone in the city who was civic; out here I don't know anybody who isn't." Says Florence Willett, 44, who is the new mayor of Detroit's suburban Birmingham: "Women feel a greater need for taking their share of the work. With husbands away at work and hampered by long commuting, women can share and contribute more. Don't ever say we run the suburbs, though."

Talent. With a little prodding from his wife, the suburban husband develops a big yen to mix in Government affairs at the local level. How can the head of the house, father of the brood, refuse to campaign for school bonds or stand for the board of education—particularly when his firm urges him to be civic-minded? The result is that Suburbia often shines with the kind of topnotch talent that makes troubled big-city fathers wince with envy. In Kansas City's suburban Prairie Village, for example, the \$1-a-year mayor is a lawyer with a growing practice, the president of the city council is a Procter & Gamble Co. division manager and the head of the village planning commission is assistant to the president of a manufacturing firm. In Philadelphia's suburban Swarthmore, the town council includes a Philadelphia banker, a Du Pont engineer, the president of a pipeline company and a retired executive of Swarthmore College.

Biggest of the problems that such people face is Suburbia's growing morass of overlapping services and functions—especially in counties that have experienced a big building rush. In the 17 towns that comprise Denver's four-county subur-

ban area, for example, there are 27 school districts, 35 water districts, 59 sanitation districts. The Suburbia of Portland, Ore., embraces three counties, 178 special service districts, 60 school districts, twelve city governments. And the granddaddy of them all is the megalopolis of Los Angeles which is fish-netted with 72 separate governments and an uncouth array of districts, authorities, and floating unincorporated communities.

But suburbanites, more than their urban or rural brethren, tend to want to get things fixed. Lakewood, Calif., 22 miles south of downtown Los Angeles, was just another boomdoom of 5,000 people ten years ago when the boom thundered. A development group poured \$200 million into 17,000 homes (\$8,000-\$11,000) and a big shopping center. As residents took hold, the sense of frustration that came from long-distance county rule and the absence of locally administered services flashed into a new, self-starting energy. Lakewood, with a present population of 75,000, incorporated itself in 1954, sank its own home-nurtured political roots and fashioned an identity of its own. Then, while running its own affairs, it devised a method of contracting for police, road maintenance and building maintenance to the county government. The "Lakewood Plan" was later copied by many other California communities. So ably has Lakewood fashioned its living pattern to suit itself that many Lakewood families who might have moved on to more expensive, status-setting locales, have decided to stay where they are.

"Anybody Home?" The suburbanite has been prodded, poked, gouged, sniffed and tweaked by armies of sociologists and swarms of cityside cynics, but in reality he is his own best critic. Organized suburban living is a relatively new invention and already some of its victims are wondering if it has too much organization and too little living. The pressure of activity and participation in the model suburb of Lakewood, for example, can be harrow-

ing. The town's recreation league boasts 110 boys' baseball teams (2,000 players), 36 men's softball teams, ten housewives' softball teams. In season, the leagues play 75 boys' and 30 men's basketball teams, 77 football teams, all coached by volunteers, while other activities range through drama, dance and charm classes, bowling, dog-training classes. "Slim 'n' Trim" groups, roller skating, photography, woodcraft, and lessons in how to ice a cake. Says Joy Hudson, 35, mother of three children: "There is a problem of getting too busy. Some weeks my husband is home only two nights a week. My little boy often says, 'Anybody going to be home tonight?'" Suburbia, echoed Exurbanite Adlai Stevenson (Libertyville, Ill.) recently, is producing "a strange half-life of divided families and Sunday fathers."

The parental press to keep the youngsters busy has created an image of an Organization Child, or Boy in the Grey Flannel Sneakers. The thriving Cub Scout movement is a wondrous machine of 1,822,062 beanie-capped boys who visit fire stations, make kites and tie knots, all *en masse*, and the Little League has more than a million little sports who are cheered on by an equal number of over-cherishing daddies. "Some kids," says Long Island School Psychologist Justin Koss, "need the Little League. But some need to dig in their own backyards, too. The trouble is that plenty of parents think that if their kid isn't in Little League, there's something abnormal about him." Declares Shirley Vandenberg, 33 (three children), of Portland, Ore.'s suburban Oak Grove: "We don't need Blue Birds and Boy Scouts out here. This is not the slums. The kids out here have the great outdoors. I think people are so bored, they organize the children, and then try to hook everyone else on it. And then the poor kids have no time left to just lie on their beds and daydream." Says Jean Chenoweth (two teen-age children), who moved to a Denver house from the suburbs: "Parents do nine-tenths of the

work. I had a Blue Bird Group for three years, and we never accomplished a cotton-picking thing—they just came for the refreshments as far as I could see." Making her choice, Mrs. Chenoweth devotes her spare time to fund raising for a school for handicapped children and making recordings for the blind.

In those suburbs where families, income, education and interest are homogenized, suburbanites sometimes wonder whether their children are cocooned from the rest of the world. "A child out here sees virtually no sign of wealth and no sign of poverty," says Suburbanite Alan Rosenthal (Washington's Rock Creek Palisades). "It gives him a tendency to think that everyone else lives just the way he does." Suburbanite-Author Robert Paul

town, a poll of householders some time ago showed that the No. 1 topic on people's minds was the complaint that too many dogs were running unleashed on the lawns. Topic No. 2 was the threat of world Communism.

The all-weather activities often center on frenzied weekend parties in the "den," attended by neighbors, who each in his turn will throw a potato-chip and cheese-dip party on succeeding weekends. Cries a Chicago suburban woman: "I'm so sick and tired of seeing those same faces every Friday and Saturday night. I could scream." In Kansas City's suburban Overland Park, three jaded couples formed an "Anti-Conformity League" to fight groupthink, disbanded it soon afterward because, explains ex-Schoolteacher Ginger

keenly aware of Suburbia's disappointments and Suburbia's promise. "Many people," complains Kansas City Rabbi Samuel Mayerberg, "mistake activity for usefulness." Says Dr. Donald S. Ewing, minister of Wayland's Trinitarian Congregational Church near Boston: "Suburbia is gossip. So many of the people are on approximately the same level economically and socially. They're scrambling for success. They tend to be new in the community and they're unstable and insecure. When they see someone else fail, in work or in a family relationship, they themselves feel a rung higher, and this is a great reason for gossip. I think socially we're flying apart—we don't meet heart to heart any more, we meet at cocktail parties in a superficial way. We value smartness rather than depth, shine rather than spirit. But I think people are sick of it; they want to get out of it."

In Chicago's suburban Elk Grove Village, busy Lutheran Minister Martin E. Marty, who writes for the *Christian Century*, and who devotes much of his time to patching up corroding marriages, sighs wearily: "We've all learned that Hell is portable. I think we're seeing a documentable rebellion going on against the post-war idea of mere belongingness and sociability. We all agree that Suburbia means America. It's not different, but it's typical. Solve Suburbia's problems and you solve America's problems."

Buddhas & Bobbies. The fact surrounding all the criticism and self-searching is that most suburbanites are having too good a time to realize that they ought to be unhappy with their condition.

At week's end, as they nursed their power mowers down the lawn, Suburbia's men paused here and there to enjoy a spell of nothing more salacious than wife-watching. Tanned, brief-clad women sprawled in their chaises and chatted about babies, Khrushchev, Japan and the P.T.A. In the patios, the amateur chefs prepared juicy sacrifices on the suburban Buddhas—the charcoal grills. Mint-flavored iced tea or tart martinis chilled thirsty throats, and from across hedges and fences came the cries of exultant youngsters and the yells and laughter of men and women engaged in a rough-and-tumble game of croquet or volleyball. (In Springfield Township, near Philadelphia, nine couples recently pounded through a rousing volleyball match; five of the women were pregnant, but no emergency deliveries were made that day.)

Thus the suburban counterpoint leaps forward in optimistic measure, creating a new framework for the American theme. True, as in every place, every suburban husband wishes he earned more money, every mother with young children wishes she had more help, small boys wish there were fewer days of school, small girls wish there were fewer small boys, and babies all wish there was no such thing as strained spinach. Nevertheless, there is scarcely a man or woman living in all those hills and groves beyond the cities who does not sing with Martial: *Rus mihi dulce sub urbe est.*



SUNDAY MORNING IN MILL VALLEY, CALIF.
Where the forces are remaking American life.

("Where Did You Go?" "Out." "What Did You Do?" "Nothing.") Smith (New York City's Scarsdale), complains that Scarsdale is "just like a Deanna Durbin movie: all clean and unreal. Hell, I went to school in Mount Vernon, N.Y., with the furnace man's son—you don't get that here."

Dan of Conformity. And what of the groupings themselves? For some, the suburban euphoria often translates itself into the suburban caricature. The neighborhood race for bigger and better plastic swimming pools, cars and power mowers is still being run in some suburbs, and in still others, the chief warm-weather occupation is neighbor watching (Does she hang her laundry outside to dry? Does he leave his trash barrels on the curb after they have been emptied?). In Long Island's staid, old Garden City, observes Hofstra Assistant Sociology Professor William Dobriner, "they don't care whether you believe in God, but you'd better cut your grass." In close-by Levit-

Powers (two children), "it was getting just too organized to be anti-conformist."

Though suburban wife-swapping stories are the delight of the urban cocktail party, immorality in the suburbs is no more or less prevalent than it is in the cities. But an adventuresome male commuter does have one advantage: he can pursue a clandestine affair easily in the city merely by notifying his suburban wife that he is being kept at the office. One sign of the times is that Private Detective Milton Thompson of suburban Kansas City is also a marriage counselor, has handled 300 marital cases in the past three years. The usual story: "The husband plays on the Missouri side of the river before he gets out here. Maybe it's just a few extra martinis with the gang from his office. Maybe not. Anyway, Mama has a little more money than average. She has a maid. That gives her a heck of a lot of time to sit around and think. If hubby is late—boy, does she think."

Suburbia's clergymen tend to be most

FOREIGN NEWS



TOKYO DEMONSTRATORS STANDING ON HAGERTY'S CAR
The passion was organized, disciplined, obedient.

John Lounis—Black Star

JAPAN

Ordeal by Mob

The plane bearing Press Secretary James Hagerty was not due until 3 p.m., but by midday, 20,000 people had converged on Tokyo's International Airport. On the terrace of the terminal building were gathered middle-aged men and kimono-clad women sedately clutching small U.S. and Japanese flags. Near by stood several thousand right-wing toughs of the Great Japan Patriotic Party waving huge Rising Sun banners and shouting nationalist slogans. But the majority of the crowd was made up of Sohyo labor unionists and Zengakuren students carrying signs that read HAGERTY GO TO THE HELL, WE DISLIKE IKE, IKE AND U.S. NOT TO JAPAN. The signs were in English, and clearly intended for U.S. photographers and, eventually, the U.S. public.

On the only highway leading away from the airport, 1,500 students squatted in a human roadblock. They had chosen well: a spot where the road curves and rises sharply as it emerges from an underpass. U.S. Ambassador Douglas MacArthur II landed at the airport in a green Marine H-13 helicopter. Asked if he and Hagerty would take the helicopter or a car into Tokyo, MacArthur said, "What the hell we will drive, of course."

Roadblock. As Hagerty's Lockheed Super Constellation touched down from Okinawa, 30 minutes late, a wild melee broke out on the terrace between the right-wing and the left-wing toughs. Some 2,000 police surged forward to separate the combatants, while the sedate elders looked on in dismay. Ambassador MacArthur welcomed Hagerty and his companion, Apointments Secretary Thomas Stephens; the three paused briefly for photographs and then hurried to the ambassador's official black Cadillac. It sped off, followed by two Fords carrying six U.S. Secret

Servicemen. Just nine days later, President Dwight D. Eisenhower was scheduled to drive the same route with Emperor Hirohito by his side. All three cars bowled along at high speed, but as the Cadillac emerged from the underpass and ascended the curving rise, MacArthur's Japanese chauffeur saw the students squatting en masse on the road and braked sharply.

The Cadillac swerved to the right and stopped; the two Fords halted bumper to bumper behind it. Instantly the squatting students hurled themselves forward. They beat on the car with fists and poles, hammered its body and kicked the locked doors. Glass cracked in the windshield. The mob began rocking the car in rhyth-

mic time to a chant of "Go hoh-mu, Ha-gachee!" or "Yan-kee, go hum!" Thousands of other students who had been snake-dancing and marching near by rushed to join in. A Socialist member of Parliament, wearing a red sash, looked on approvingly from the sidelines and puffed at a cigarette.

Fish in Bowl. Two student organizers, armed with whistles, clambered onto the Cadillac's roof and bawled to their followers: "Use no violence!" Obediently, the mob ceased rocking the car and began singing the *Internationale*. The six Secret Servicemen pushed their way through and ranged themselves around the Cadillac, facing the singing, shouting crowd. The student leaders obligingly helped linking arms to keep their followers from pressing too close. Overhead, like fish in a fishbowl, several helicopters went round and round in the watery sky. When the Marine H-13 helicopter roared low over the car, the crowd hurled stones and broken poles at it. Each time the helicopter tried to land alongside the roadway, the crowd rushed forward so that the chopper had to veer upward or risk injuring the demonstrators.

Behind the car's closed windows, James Hagerty composedly smoked a cigarette and took pictures of the gibbering crowd with a small Japanese camera. After a quarter of an hour, the 2,000 policemen who had been left behind at the airport terrace came marching slowly across the grass, wearing white cotton gloves and carrying yellow guidons marked with their squad numbers. The police forced open a path through the mob and the Cadillac inched forward, and then, as more and more students squatted in front of it halted again, surrounded by swirling red flags.

Fast Pheasants. Finally the police managed to clear a grassy space by the roadside, and the Marine helicopter dropped



HAGERTY INSIDE LIMOUSINE
Was he a guinea pig?

Associated Press

down only 50 feet from the stranded Cadillac. In the order of their seating, MacArthur, Stephens and Hagerty emerged from the car. Secret Servicemen tried to hurry Ambassador MacArthur toward the waiting helicopter, but he ordered them to walk, not run. The instant Hagerty was aboard, the chopper rose like a whirling pheasant. The takeoff was so fast that the last of the Secret Servicemen tumbled from the open door and fell six feet to the ground. The three Americans had been mob-bound for 70 minutes.

The rescuing Marines landed Hagerty, Stephens and MacArthur at Hardy Barracks, where a waiting embassy car whisked them the 1½ miles to the ambassador's residence, taking them in the back way to avoid thousands of demonstrators crowded around the front gate. At 8 that evening, still without having dined, Hagerty pugnaciously faced a microphone-laden table and a clutch of U.S. and Japanese reporters.

Mob Under Control. In his prepared statement, Hagerty said that the demonstration was obviously "carefully planned by a group of professional organizers. The singing of the *Internationale* as they stoned, shattered windows, cut the tires and tried to overturn the ambassador's car in which we were riding suggests that they may not even owe their allegiance to Japan." Added Hagerty grimly: "I don't think the Japanese people will permit President Eisenhower to be treated the way we were."

The Japanese people do not have much to do with Tokyo's trained mobs. The mobs' spearhead is the Zengakuren students' federation which claims to represent half of Japan's 677,000 undergraduates. Since the war, Zengakuren has been dominated by Communists. But after a particularly obstreperous show of May Day violence brought the wrath of the Japanese public down on their heads, the Reds lost their nerve and announced that in the future they would be "lovable." This concession outraged many Zengakuren hotheads who labeled the Communists "sissified," and voted into the top leadership a tough-minded Trotskyite group, which is now called the "mainstream faction." Mainstreamers are so far out politically that they consider Khrushchev a "traitor" to the proletariat. As a result, Communist students are considered "moderates" by the Japanese press in contrast with the club-swinging mainstreamers. But it was the Communist "moderates" who besieged Hagerty's car at the airport.

Zengakuren's leadership has become extraordinarily efficient at organizing riots, equipping picked agitators with whistles and megaphones to direct the mobs, paying them \$1-1.50 a day for their efforts. Manpower is supplied by Sohyo, a combine of 22 left-wing unions with a total membership of 3,500,000, and the Socialist Party, which has a voting strength of 15 million.

Rope Enough. The question that most bothered the newsmen was one that Hagerty could not be expected to answer.

Why, they wondered, did the Japanese police permit the students to block Hagerty's route without even trying to disperse them? The answer supplied by Japanese claiming to be in the know: the Kishi government decided to allow the demonstrators plenty of rope in order to shock the Japanese public into active support of the government's often thwarted demand for sterner measures against leftists, including Kishi's demand for more powers for the badgered police. Said one Japanese: "Hagerty was used as the guinea pig in this experiment."

Candles & Lanterns. Next day, the leftists filled Tokyo's streets with 150,000 demonstrators. Carrying candlelit lanterns and marching 30 abreast, the column



John Leuchter—Black Star

PREMIER KISHI

Did he decide to allow it?

streamed from the Diet building to the U.S. embassy. With 8,000 police looking on, they stopped a bus bearing 20 of Kishi's Liberal Democrats, poked sticks through the windows, dragged out three of the legislators and roughed them up. Some 4,000 students laid siege to Premier Kishi's suburban home to prevent his leaving to keep an appointment with Jim Hagerty—an appointment Kishi denied having.

Jim Hagerty spent the day indoors at the home of Foreign Minister Aichihiro Fujiyama. He met for several hours with Foreign Office aides and at dusk left quietly for the U.S. airbase at Tachikawa, west of Tokyo, catching only a fleeting glimpse of the lantern parade as he departed.

As Hagerty flew off to Alaska to meet Eisenhower (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), he left behind him an exultant anti-Kishi coalition, which seemed confident that it had the government on the run. Should Eisenhower now visit Japan, cried the Socialists, it could only be for the purpose of propping up the tottering power of Kishi, and that would represent an in-

terference in the internal affairs of Japan.

There were also ominous signs of a weakening of nerve among non-Communist Japanese. Three former Premiers—ex-Imperial Prince Naruhiko Higashi-Kuni, Tetsu Katayama and Tanaka Ishihashi—urged that Kishi resign and the Eisenhower visit be postponed, and that the question of the U.S.-Japanese security pact be decided by a new government after a national election. "There is no other way to save Japan's democratic government," said the ex-Premiers. Big businessmen of the Japan Employers Federation felt that Eisenhower should still come, but with the reservation that after the ratification of the U.S.-Japanese treaty (scheduled for June 19, the day of Ike's arrival), Premier Kishi should resign and call new elections. There were indications that factional leaders within Kishi's own party were sharpening their knives in order to dispose of the Premier and take his place.

But at week's end, Nobusuke Kishi was at last exhibiting some of the resourcefulness for which he has long been noted. His Liberal Democratic Party plans to "recruit" 200,000 welcomers to line Eisenhower's ten-mile route into Tokyo. Some 500 buses have been chartered to transport 7,000 flag-wavers to the airport. The 25,000 police will be augmented by 50,000 pro-Kishi students who will guard the road to the airfield. Kishi hopes that the presence of the Emperor at Ike's side will be an added protection.

But the worry was not over, for the demonstrators were no frenzied mob carried away by fury or passion. Instead, all week long they reacted on cue from their leaders, and every blow seemed as stylized and dispassionate as a Kabuki play. There will be a demonstration. And it will be just as violent—or as mild—as the left-wing strategists choose.

RUSSIA

Dirty Rain

The heart of Nikita Khrushchev's oft-proclaimed intention of lifting the Russian standard of eating to the U.S. level lies in a vast expansion of grain production—grain being the raw material of meat, dairy products and poultry. For weeks past, huge dust storms originating in the Soviet Union and sweeping westward into Europe have announced to all and sundry that Khrushchev's food program is in serious trouble.

The storms began in early April, when hot, dry winds off the Central Asian plateau, melting the skimpy snow cover, swept across a 1,500-mile belt extending from the Caspian Sea through the Caucasus, southern Ukraine and Crimea to Moldavia. The parched earth turned to dust, then rose in sun-obscuring clouds.

As usual, Moscow suppressed the news as long as it was suppressible. But after dust and sand began falling on Bulgaria, Rumania, and even Yugoslavia and Poland, Radio Moscow guardedly began reporting "dirty rain" around Kiev. Making the best of a bad situation, *Izvestia* de-

scribed how 17 "heroic collective farm workers" had shoveled four feet of dust off a hog-farrowing shed near Krasnodar, then stayed around to play midwife to the sows.

Last week Radio Moscow admitted that moisture conditions in the Caucasus and southern Ukraine were the worst since 1928, conceded that in places a third of the winter wheat was destroyed and would need to be replanted for even a partial harvest. Western agricultural intelligence sources estimated that even with excellent weather conditions for the rest of the year, Russia's 1960 grain harvest is unlikely to exceed last year's 124-800,000 tons (which was down from 1958's record 141,200,000), and might go as low as 110 million tons.

Khrushchev had programed 153 million tons, and had promised millions of Russian consumers that this year they would begin to get steak. But the prospect is that they are in for another year of the same old bread-and-cabbage diet.

THE PHILIPPINES

Cleanup in Manila

For no nation does the U.S. feel such direct responsibility as for the 14-year-old Philippine Republic. A half-century of U.S. colonial tutelage, generously administered and gracefully relinquished, has left the Philippines a heritage of universal suffrage, widespread education, press freedom, managerial know-how, and a dedication both to the higher principles and some of the lower practices of American democracy.

This week, as President Dwight Eisenhower flew to Manila, he found the administration engaged in an activity familiar to machine politicians in any imperfect democracy: it was frantically trying to clean house before it faced the voters.

Easier in the Afternoon. Reform did not come naturally to President Carlos Garcia. When he took over after the death of able, incorruptible Ramon Magsaysay in 1957, Garcia's regime became conspicuous chiefly for its influence peddling, nepotism and economic mismanagement. Last fall, after losing off-year senatorial elections in the cities even though his Nacionalistas bought a majority in the countryside, Garcia awoke to the fact that government corruption had been the major popular issue against him, shrewdly concluded that he had better change his party's ways before the 1961 presidential elections. "Nothing less than a total war against corruption will satisfy our people," announced the new Garcia—and fired four of his Cabinet ministers. Then he summoned Economist Dominador (Dom) Aytona, 42, a onetime schoolmaster who had graduated *somum cum laude* from Manila University and served as Magsaysay's budget commissioner. "What do you think about graft and corruption?" he asked. When Aytona bluntly replied that reform was necessary, Garcia named him Secretary of Finance, in charge of customs, internal revenue and import licensing—the three major areas of political gravy.

In his four months in office, Dom Aytona has fired 60 department underlings, brought corruption charges against 90 more and started investigations of 400 others. He found one tax examiner whose income rose \$40,000 in a year, a customs inspector who reported and charged duty on only 100 lbs. of a 20,000-lb. shipment of watermelon seeds. He warned ministry employees to stay away from race tracks, cockpits, casinos and especially Manila's thriving new "dayclubs," a collection of cabarets complete with B-girls catering to men who found it easier to get away from their jobs in the afternoon than their wives at night. Officials who frequent such places, said Aytona, "give the impression that they are morally weak, carefree, and



DOMINADOR AYTONA
Handshakes for Garcia, respect for him.

are spending money beyond their legitimate earnings."

Changing the Climate. Aytona's drive has already boosted tax and customs revenues by 20% over last year, and he is now trying to change tax laws to catch wealthy tax dodgers who, he claims, cheated the government of \$65 million last year—enough to pay for a year's education for 1,000,000 Filipino children. His biggest reform was to institute a "controlled decontrol" of the peso-designed to create a free currency market within four years. Under his new regulations, importers of "essential goods" get their dollars at more favorable rates than those who bring in Cadillacs and air conditioners.

Already the Philippines' foreign exchange reserves have been built up to a healthy \$180 million, and Aytona hopes that his cleanup will lure back U.S. investors, who have been so leary of the Garcia climate of investment that they did not put a single new dollar into the islands last year. Though he says he has only scratched the top of the dirt, Aytona's work has silenced Garcia's political opponents, and there is some talk

that Garcia plans to select him as his vice-presidential running mate in 1961.

With his household in somewhat better order, and the country looking eagerly for some new tender of U.S. financial aid, President Garcia this week prepared to give Ike "the biggest and warmest welcome in the history of our country." The handshakes would be for Garcia, but the admiration would go mainly to that rising young Filipino, Dominador Aytona.

FRANCE

The Little Cats

An enterprising Parisian pimp named Pierre Sorlut set out two years ago to corner the nymphlet market. Pierre recruited his pubescent charmers among girls aged 12 to 18, first by seducing them and then by arranging dates with wealthy clients with infantile tastes. Pierre's particular prey were the pouting little imitators of Brigitte Bardot, with puffed-out hairdos and ambitions to become starlets or models. "How could I live without my little cats?" Pierre would say as he collected the earnings of Janine, Colette and Monique. If a girl proved difficult, Pierre would speak musically of virgins and its effects on a pretty face. Flashing his out-of-date police card (Pierre was once a police chauffeur), he would add: "You see, I am protected, but you are not."

Rare Encounter. Personable Pierre drove a blue Oldsmobile, dressed nattily, talked of his glamorous past as an Air Force pilot and a Resistance fighter. At least one mother was dazzled to learn that her 13-year-old daughter, appropriately named Rose, whom Pierre was looking after "like a little sister," had been introduced to André Le Troquer, 75, then president of the National Assembly. "She's ravishing!" cried Le Troquer, a longtime widower and an authentic war hero who lost an arm in World War I. To Rose he said: "I know that you would like to be a dancer. I have plenty of friends at the Opera." Telephoning Rose's mama, Le Troquer said: "I must congratulate you on having raised your daughter so well. Rose is so sweet, so reserved. This is a young girl such as, unhappily, one rarely encounters today."

Pierre was arrested last year in a complicated affair involving the shake-down of a businessman by a brace of phony policemen. In jail, Sorlut soon began singing, gave the police a score of names of prominent Parisians to whom he had supplied young girls—politicians, manufacturers, department-store directors, a hairdresser, a fashionable tailor, an art curator, a restaurateur, a countess.

Minor Matter. At the trial, mothers came—or were pushed—forward with self-righteous complaints about the corruption of their daughters. Newsmen learned that there had been striptease parties, involving young girls and boys, at the Villa Butard, a onetime royal hunting lodge that was Le Troquer's official out-of-town residence as president of the National Assembly. Some mothers admitted escorting their daughters to Villa Butard and to other addresses in

Paris in the belief that it was "in the interest of their careers."

Le Troquer denied everything except that he was acquainted with Pierre Sorlut. He insisted: "To all this I offer a categorical denial without reserve. Besides, I have no taste for minors." It was all a plot, he cried, to embarrass De Gaulle's Fifth Republic and the Socialist Party, in which Le Troquer has been prominent for 40 years. Abruptly the entire affair went off the record, and the hearings were closed to the press and public.

Last week, after more than a year of hearings in chamber, the court made known its verdict. Pimp Pierre got five years in prison, and terms ranging from 18 months to two years were handed to a hairdresser, a restaurateur and a department-store director for "infringing morality by stimulating, favoring and habitually facilitating the debauchery or corruption of youth of either sex." As for André Le Troquer, he was fined \$600 and given a one-year suspended sentence.

"Pennies, Charlie"

Throughout France last week many Frenchmen got their mail late or not at all. Trains, buses and planes ran behind schedule or were canceled. In some places, it was impossible to register a birth, take out a marriage license or even obtain a permit to bury the dead. Because of falling water pressures, many tenants on upper floors of apartment buildings had to forgo washing. Millions of unscrubbed schoolchildren obtained an extra bonanza in the form of a holiday from school; teachers were on strike.

Behind the nationwide one-day strike of government employees, from postmen to customs inspectors, lay the dissatisfaction of lower-income Frenchmen at the steady upward creep of consumer prices. Though France has 30% more cars on the road this year than last, and the long-abused French franc continues to gain strength in relation to gold and the dollar, the new prosperity fostered by Charles de Gaulle has not trickled down to the lowest-paid classes. Even conservative newspapers concede that the pay of government employees, traditionally a pace setter for clerical workers generally, is disgracefully low. Only 14% earn \$200 a month, while more than a fourth receive under \$100.

De Gaulle had hoped to combat the rising cost of living by an all-out overhaul of France's antiquated food distribution system, under which nearly every vegetable or farm animal produced in France must be shipped to Paris' Les Halles market for sale or reshipment to the provinces. But the reform has been put off because of the cost of prosecuting the Algerian war. Last week embattled artichoke growers at St.-Pol-de-Leon dumped 800 tons of artichokes into a quarry and doused them with diesel oil in protest at the fall of the farm price of artichokes from 23¢ to 3¢ a lb. while French retailers were charging as much as 19¢.

At week's end 10,000 marching strikers tied Parisian auto traffic in angry knots.

As annoyed autoists irritably leaned on their horns, the strikers chanted, "*Des sous, Charlot; des sous, Charlot* [Some pennies, Charlie]." The demand seemed modest enough.

ISRAEL

Sovereign Wrong

At first, Argentina protested just as a matter of form. *TIME* Correspondent Piero Saporiti had reported that Nazi Adolf Eichmann had been run down by Israeli agents in Buenos Aires and whisked out of the country in an Israeli plane. Off went Argentina's note to Israel, asking for information and tacitly inviting an equal *pro forma* denial that the Israeli gov-



State of Israel

EICHMANN
Could legal wrong make moral right?

ernment knew anything about it. But last week Israel's Premier Ben-Gurion replied with one of the most undiplomatic notes in diplomatic history—and the Argentines wished they had not asked.

Instead of the expected diplomatic evasion, old Ben-Gurion admitted that Eichmann had indeed been tracked down in Argentina and surreptitiously taken to Israel. To compound this admission, the Israeli Premier then proceeded to add some flagrantly unbelievable details. Having first announced that Eichmann had been found by "Israeli security services," he now insisted that the Nazi's captors were merely "volunteers," with no official status. Furthermore, it was not really a kidnapping at all. When the volunteers found Eichmann, said the Israeli note, he had "spontaneously" agreed to go to Israel to stand trial.

Thorough Annoyance. This was hard for anybody, let alone a touchy Argentine, to swallow. Argentines got the feeling that not only had their sovereignty been flouted in the eyes of the world, but that Israel was treating them like gullible fools. Nor were they pleased by a gratui-

tous reference in the Israeli note to "numerous Nazis" living in Argentina. It is true that ex-Dictator Juan Perón had granted asylum to many Nazis; the present government does not enjoy being reminded of the sins of its predecessors.

Thoroughly annoyed, Argentina's President Arturo Frondizi personally penned a sharp note to Israel, protesting "the illicit act committed in violation of one of the most fundamental rights of the Argentine state." He demanded Eichmann's return within the week and yanked his ambassador to Israel back home for "consultation." Once Israel returned Eichmann, Argentina would consider a formal request for his extradition—but only from West Germany or some international tribunal.

Supreme Justice. At week's end Ben-Gurion sent an emotional personal letter to Frondizi, apologizing for the "formal violation" and pleading for understanding of the "profound motivation and supreme moral justification of this act."

But Eichmann would probably not go back; Israeli feeling against the Nazi murder expert runs so high that Ben-Gurion would scarcely dare to return him, even if he wanted to. If he does not, Argentina promises to hale Israel before the United Nations, where it is likely to have plenty of support from other Latin- and African-bloc nations. Many could sympathize with the Israelis' hatred for Eichmann. But their high-handed disregard of international law—and even of diplomatic niceties—was costing them much of that sympathy. As one Argentine Foreign Office official said: "Israel asked for this. They should have known better."

GREAT BRITAIN

Host to Rebels

Through the fogs and damps of London drift thousands of Africans, a long way from the sunlit ease of their homelands. They live in bleak, crowded rooming houses in Notting Hill and Paddington, find their entertainment in smoky cellar nightclubs that are loud with West Indian steel bands, bongo drums and maracas. They are genuinely puzzled when the Jumbles (a corruption of John Bulls) object to the noise and the dawn revelry. "What harm do we do?" asked an African last week. "We like to dance and sing, and we've worked hard all day and till late at night. The only time I have to enjoy myself is when I finish work."

On Trestles. But London has another meaning for Africans than just a place to work and play. It is the city where Mazzini plotted the independence of a unified Italy, where Karl Marx labored through 34 years to create Communism, where Sun Yat-sen planned the death of the Manchu Empire and the birth of the Chinese Republic. Historically, London has always given asylum to political exiles and revolutionaries, and the Africans are no exceptions—even though much of their plotting is in effect against Britain itself, or at least against the British colonial rule of their countries.

Two basement rooms in Gower Street

are headquarters for the Committee of African Organizations. Working at tiny desks, surrounded by trestle tables loaded with duplicating machine, proofs and pamphlets, each African concentrates on his job regardless of the surrounding conversation, loud argument and clatter of machines. When the rooms overflow, the conversations move outside to the cellar steps or across the road to a cheap café. At headquarters one morning last week were representatives from the Southern Rhodesian Congress Committee Abroad, the Revolutionary Front for National Independence of Portuguese Colonies, the Tanganyika Students Association, the National Association of Socialist Students' Organizations and South Africa's African National Congress.

Drums for Independence. West Africans, who number about 7,000 in London, center on the dreary red brick building of the West African Students Union in Warrington Crescent. East Africans throng the tall, modern Georgian building near Marble Arch called East Africa House, a combination university hostel and West End club. East Africa House is subsidized by the individual colonial governments, but members also pay an annual subscription. The different nationalities generally group together. In the pleasant bar, Moslem Somalis sit in one corner drinking Coca-Cola; a group of Kenyans sip martinis, Tanganyikans have their whiskies, and a Ugandan engineer drinks beer by himself. All the talk is of politics, both international (a majority held that Khrushchev was right and Eisenhower wrong on the U-2 question) and domestic. Where West Africans have little time for fun and games ("except," said one, "when we celebrate each other's independence days and get out the drums and dance"), East Africans take girls out on dates, drop over to a friend's house for a drink after dinner, or "look in at the cinema."

Silent in the Streets. The political talk is largely left-wing, and nationalism is still the main subject. "It's inevitable," said a tall Tanganyikan in bound-tooth tweeds, "When our country is at such a dramatic point in its history, we are eager to be a part of it." Black South Africans in London number scarcely a dozen. "Only the safe ones get sent to British universities," said a student, "and they will not do anything while here to prejudice their futures back home." Privately, and to British friends they can trust, they sound off like a series of rockets on every aspect of South African life. "But the moment we step outside into the street, we are silent again."

Most Africans have to find jobs as well as attend school, for only a few have scholarships or wealthy parents. Explains Geoffrey Adumah, 30, who is taking his final bar exams: "In Ghana we have big families because we have more than one wife. Family members band together to send the brilliant one to London to study and improve himself. But it is not always enough. For myself, I have to work as a kitchen helper in the evening, I'm in a lawyer's chamber in Middle Temple in

the day. I study in between. It's the only work I can get—no one here will give you anything else."

Question of Respect. Adumah has made several visits to Communist Czechoslovakia, where he has been warmly entertained by his Red hosts. He contrasts those visits with life in London, where he has lived for six years. "If there are two empty seats on a bus, an Englishman will choose the other one, not the one beside me," he says. "Nobody wants you in his house. I pay \$10.35 weekly for this room out of my \$19 pay. It is lonely here in the winter. We have nowhere to go. At home, we are always strolling outside. And the churches—they are the biggest hypocrites of all."

Dozens of British do-good organizations dabble at improving race relations, and individuals give their time to help run



AFRICAN NATIONALISTS IN LONDON
The only solution: independence and progress.

community centers and mixed black-and-white clubs. "But a lot of them make you feel as though you were receiving charity or as though you personally were a social problem," complained a Nigerian girl. Just before Parliament rose, Labor's Sir Leslie Plummer introduced a bill making it an offense to discriminate against colored people.

Most London Africans, who will one day be members of the ruling class in their native lands, share either the bone-deep bitterness of Adumah or the puzzled frustration of the girl from Nigeria. At the Shah Restaurant, off Gower Street, a haunt of African intellectuals, Tanganyika's Martin Kazuka explained: "You can put through an Act of Parliament, if you like, or set to work educating your children—both will take a long time. But the real thing that will solve these problems of prejudice is the independence and progress of our African countries. Only by our achievements as free nations will we earn your respect and friendship."

ALGERIA

Boom Town Amidst Rebellion

From 6 a.m. on, the morning air is blue with exhaust fumes and the imprecations of traffic-jammed motorists. A continuous ribbon of new and half-finished apartment houses, new factories, assembly plants and used-car lots flanks the 1.3-mile road between the airport and town. Hotel space is at such a premium that many a visiting industrialist is glad to find a cot in the bathroom of any rooming house. The new boom town: Algiers, a city once chiefly celebrated in romantic French novels for its hauntingly mysterious Casbah and fly-specked poverty.

Army & Oil. In the space of barely four years, the twin dynamos of nationalistic rebellion and oil discovery have produced a button-busting boom that no city

in metropolitan France can match. Since 1956, population has doubled, is now approaching 1,000,000. The first whiff of prosperity came when France increased its Algerian army first to 200,000, then to 500,000 men to fight the F.L.N. rebels. Most of the new troops were reservists drawing far higher pay than the ordinary conscript rate, and produced unheard-of business for Algiers' bars, restaurants and shops. And with an army to supply, farmers, vintners and the purveyors of a hundred-and-one small items of supply started piling up fortunes.

At the same time, wildcaters made their first major oil strikes in the Sahara. The big oil companies landed in Algiers, soon followed by dozens of smaller repair shops, equipped specialists and transport firms.

So many new jobs opened up that any skilled workman among the Moslems could pick and choose from two or three openings. The Algerian cook who once counted herself lucky to get \$20 a

month started asking—and getting—\$70 a month. Some 300,000 refugees poured into Algiers to escape the rebel F.L.N.; the city's growing economy absorbed them without missing a beat. In the spending splurge, rents went up—400% in some parts of the city. Simca auto sales jumped from 3,000 in 1954 to 14,500 in 1959, will hit 20,000 in 1960. Monoprix, France's largest five-and-ten store, expanded from two to nine stores. The number of stores selling radios, refrigerators, household equipment has increased fivefold. They do so well that bank deposits doubled in one year. "Who are the new millionaires in Algiers?" says one government official. "Broadly speaking, just about anyone in a small business."

Think Big. What started as a war and oil boom is gradually changing into something more permanent. Starting in 1958, under De Gaulle's Constantine Plan to encourage the Algerian economy, dozens of new industries have moved across the Mediterranean to Algiers to take advantage of low government loans (3% interest on up to 40% of the required capital), a ten-year tax exemption, and cash payments for every new job created. To date, 260 firms (among them: Michelin, Renault, Unilever) have made the journey—so many that government officials worry about overcrowding in the city. But it is safer and more pleasant in Algiers than in the sticks, and Frenchmen have the feeling that whatever else happens, Algiers will grow increasingly French.

Algiers still has its beggars, and seven out of every ten Casbah residents have tuberculosis. What makes the city bustle is its newly moneyed middle class, mostly of French, Corsican, Italian or Spanish descent, though many Arabs have done well too. But there is little of the raffish night life of the typical boom town; Algiers' one luxury nightclub is half empty on week nights. "The Algerian businessman," said one French official, "may keep a rakish sports car and luxurious villa on the Riviera, but in Algiers he's middle class, respectable, and rather mean."

INDONESIA

Home Is Where Trouble Is

After junketing around the world for 64 days, Indonesia's President Sukarno finally returned to his land of customary turmoil last week. On his swing through 18 nations, he had picked up five honorary degrees, nine decorations and still another shapely airline hostess to go night-clubbing with; a 22-year-old Hawaiian beauty queen named Carol Ah You, who works for Great Lakes Air Lines and accompanied the President from San Francisco to Hawaii. Said Bung Karno, stepping off a chartered Pan American DC-6B still staffed by favorite stewardess No. 1, 25-year-old Joan Sweeney: "This has been much more successful than my earlier trips."

But the old place was not much fun to come home to. Rebel and bandit fighting continued in Java, Sumatra, the Celebes and Borneo. The monetary reform so am-



John Titcher—Honolulu Star-Bulletin
HOSTESS AH YOU & SUKARNO
Nine decorations, five degrees, two girls.

bitiously decreed last year was a total failure. With more currency in circulation than ever, the rupiah was down to 250 to the dollar on the free market (official rate 45 to one), and the presses still clacked out new money to support a 250,000-man army that gobbles up 50% of the budget. Commerce had slowed to a near standstill; in central Java only 30 sugar mills were operating (vs. 120 pre-war), and some 300,000 mill workers were unemployed. Everywhere, there was graft, red tape and spectacular inefficiency. Shiny new Czech tractors proved useless in the flooded rice fields; some 30% of a 100,000-ton Swedish shipment of cement had turned to rock because no one thought to bring it in out of the rain.

Signs of Opposition. In the past Sukarno has always been able to push ahead as he liked with his "guided democracy," because his opponents were hopelessly fragmented among some 27 different parties. But Sukarno came home to find many of his old opponents united for the first time. Formed by members of the old elected Parliament that Sukarno dismissed last March and replaced with a hand-picked legislature of his own choosing, the new anti-Communist opposition calls itself the Democratic League, unites Moslems, Catholics, Protestants and splinter parties behind one idea: the necessity for radical changes in Sukarno's one-man rule. In three months the league has mushroomed into 60 chapters throughout the archipelago, plans to present Sukarno with a petition of several hundred thousand signatures demanding reinstatement of the elected Parliament.

Whether or not the league becomes a force depends largely on the army and its strongman army chief of staff, General Abdul Haris Nasution, 41. Though Nasution has consistently supported Sukarno, one of the league's charter parties is the Indonesian Independence Upholders Union, formed several years ago by Gen-

eral Nasution himself. Significantly, military commanders in most areas have allowed the league to recruit members and hold meetings.

New Seats. Shortly after his return last week, Sukarno had lunch and a long talk with General Nasution, emerged conceding that the new Parliament needed "some improvements" before it was installed later this month. Exactly what the improvements would be, Sukarno did not say. But the word was that he would distribute another 25 seats, so that the Communists, now commanding about 60 of 261 proposed seats, would not loom quite so large.

With that, the man who describes himself as "the voice of the Indonesian people" got set to leave his troubled capital once more, this time for a sojourn at the government guest house at Tampaksiring in Bali. It was not just another holiday, said Sukarno; he was also "going for the settlement of some important work."

CAMBODIA

Free Choice

Whatever title he chooses to hold, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, 37, runs Cambodia. He served as King, and then stepped down. Then he served as Premier, but gave that up for the sixth time when his father died two months ago. Just now he holds no official position at all, but nobody questioned it last week when he asked Cambodians to vote on the proposition of whether they liked him and his policy of neutrality in foreign affairs.

Prince Sihanouk offered Cambodians the choice of four ballots. The first bore the prince's picture; the second a picture of a rival leader now living in exile in Thailand; the third was printed in red to signify approval of Communism; the fourth, marked with a question mark to indicate no opinion. In order to show that the vote would be free, Cambodia invited journalists from Southeast Asia and everywhere else. Of Cambodia's often quarrelsome neighbors, the South Vietnamese (who have just claimed some Cambodian islands) refused politely, the Thais not so politely, and the Laotians declined because they have no foreign correspondents.

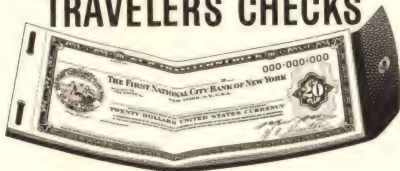
Cambodians last week streamed to the polls. Wild Phnong tribesmen rode their elephants down from the hills; baby-toting women in sarongs streamed into dusty towns; saffron-robed Buddhist monks padded through the silent ruins of Angkor Wat. When the ballots were counted, Prince Sihanouk had won a total of 1,981,136 votes to only 133 for his exiled rival, 128 for the Communists and a puzzled 93 for No Opinion. His grand total: 99.97%.

With this conclusive evidence of his people's affection, Prince Sihanouk announced that he was off to Paris for a much needed rest in a nursing home, and probably to decide whether he should become King, Premier, or perhaps both. Explained his doctor: "Prince Sihanouk is subject to a gradual increase in weight and must lose 22 pounds."



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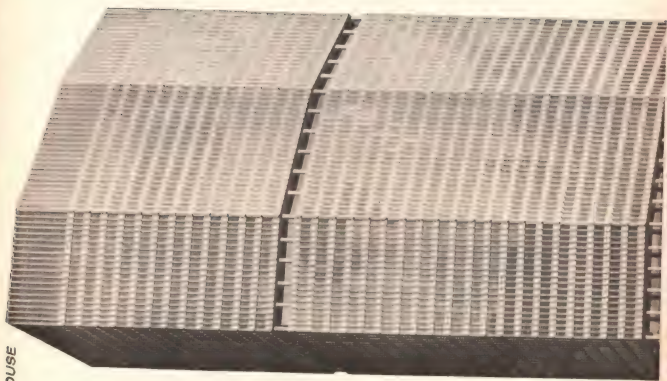
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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

The Marxist Neighbor

Warm stiring thunderstorms flicked lightning across the sky, crackled, then poured soft rain on Havana's tree-shaded streets. Sea birds screeched and wheeled, and lovers ran to cover from the concrete sea wall along Malecón drive. The air smelled, as always, of strong tobacco and stronger coffee. Most of the prostitutes were gone, cleaned out by Fidel Castro's moralistic revolution. In eastern Santiago, teen-agers danced in the streets to the latest Afro-Cuban rhythm, a hip-buster called the *pachanga*.

Cuba's outward tranquility, however, was being synthetically inflamed by Fidel Castro, who was crying that the U.S. planned to do him harm. He almost seemed to be trying to taunt the U.S. into intervening—and most Cubans thought a U.S. attack to be a live possibility. Hotel telephone operators answered calls by saying, "Fatherland or Death! Number, please." For the second time in less than a week, the U.S. protested Castro's "slander"—specifically a propaganda pamphlet charging the U.S. with blowing up a munitions ship in Havana harbor last March. At week's end Castro seized the Hotel Nacional (managed by a subsidiary of Pan American World Airways, Inc.) and the Havana Hilton, which Conrad Hilton operated for its owner, a Cuban labor union. (The rebels told Nacional Manager William Land he would have to start paying for his room.) The hotels have been losing \$100,000 a month since U.S. tourists began staying away. Castro accused the American management of not doing enough to stir up U.S. tourist trade.

As Castro waxed more frantic against "Yankee imperialists," he grew ever friendlier to Russia. In Moscow, his henchman Antonio Núñez Jiménez presented a

Cuban flag to the top Russian of them all, and soon Nikita Khrushchev will visit Cuba. If Castro was not yet enlisted in the Communist camp, he had become too comradely for comfort, in a place just 100 miles off Florida.

The jargon in Castro's speeches and in his captive press these days is increasingly Marxist. Aureliano Sánchez Arango, 53, a former Minister of State of Cuba and one of the early fighters against ex-Dictator Fulgencio Batista, charges that "while Castro had ideas, he had no program; the Communists gave him the program." The man most responsible is Major Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, 32, an Argentine physician, Castro's best field commander, and a Red. A Castro official recalls that when Guevara returned from a three-month trip around the world in September 1959, "things began to happen."

Part One: Brainwashing. One big part of what has happened is brainwashing—sometimes subtle, oftener crude. The political prisons now hold 6,000, and a recent visitor to the jails on the Isle of Pines reports: "They're stacked in like sacks of sugar." The government silenced opposition newspapers, put together a network that includes four of Havana's six television stations and 128 of Cuba's 149 radio stations. The policy line is clearly pro-Soviet. U.S. SABOTAGED THE SUMMIT! headlined the official daily *Revolución*. KHRUSHCHEV STILL YEARNS FOR PEACE, says *La Calle*. Yet, though not free to criticize home-grown Communists, the influential weekly *Bohemia* frequently plays up historical, deadpan articles on the Nazi-Soviet pact and the Khrushchev butchery in Hungary.

U.S. baiting has no ceiling or cellar. The daily *Combate* is currently charging that the Chilean earthquakes were caused by U.S. underground nuclear explosions. Radio Mambi crows over the U-2 episode: "Any day now, His Majesty Caesar Au-

gustus Eisenhower I may lose his trousers." In a third-grade Havana classroom last week, when the teacher asked what happened on Feb. 15, 1898, a tiny girl shot back the answer: "The United States blew up the *Maine* so they could intervene in Cuba." The rest of the "correct" answer: "And most of the crew members were Negroes."

Part Two: Collectivization. Under the pretext of preparing for an invasion by U.S. Marines and "gangsters" from "that decadent democracy," the government crowd is herding Cubans into mass institutions—militias, cooperatives, government youth groups, and labor unions. The man in charge of collectivizing the economy is Che Guevara, head of the National Bank. A slender asthmatic with an un-Latin habit of curtness, he mastered the complexities of banking in a few months on the job, is all the more feared by anti-Communists for his efficiency.

Guevara has concluded a twelve-year trade treaty with Russia calling for \$100 million in Soviet aid, has sold a million long tons of sugar to Russia, 130,000 to Communist China, 60,000 tons to East Germany and 150,000 tons to Poland. He ordered Esso, Texaco and Shell to start processing 900,000 tons of Soviet petroleum arriving regularly aboard Russian tankers. The oil companies, whom Cuba owes \$60 million for previous shipments from Venezuela, refused, and Castro threatened last week to nationalize them.

The Big Boss. By ignoring foreign obligations that now total \$125 million, Che has built up his exchange reserves to \$196 million. Che's money has gone largely to finance the National Institute of Agrarian Reform (INRA), which now owns almost half of Cuba—13,246,800 acres out of its 28 million acres. Last week 605,333 head of confiscated INRA cattle grazed on 2,091,600 acres of confiscated pasturelands. Operating from a



CASTRO MILITIA AT DRILL

Peter Schmid—Pia



CHE GUEVARA & FRIEND

Andrew G. ...

Behind a clearly pro-Soviet line, seething political passion.



Every day we move another step closer to
using the natural resources of other planets

**Air Force space studies aimed at cracking military problems
also reveal potential civilian benefits**

Progress in space research is so rapid that consideration must now be given to projects you'd have scoffed at a few years ago. For instance, development of a nuclear rocket could drop payload costs so low that it would be economically worthwhile to import rare materials from other planets.

Projects such as this are the daily fare of engineers at Douglas. Right

now they are studying the many problems related to interplanetary exploration: Can humans survive? What about temperature, gravity, water, food . . . and fuel for the return trip?

Douglas has been finding answers to such problems since 1941. These answers are seen in action every time a Douglas-built Thor boosts another payload into space.

Development of nuclear power, utilized in space ships like this Douglas concept, will speed the day when man will travel in outer space and use its resources.

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Minding our own business

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Thanks-but-no-thanks. Do you realize that a bootlegger is a management man? We didn't either, until we ran across the book that the Census Bureau uses to classify people. It's called, *Classified Index of Occupations and Industries*, and the following are listed under "Managers, Officials & Proprietors": horse trader, ferryboat pilot, bathhouse keeper,



peddler, pushcart stablekeeper, raggicker, Indian trader (Is this a trader of Indians or an Indian who trades?), popcorn stand keeper, and ticket scalper. Oh, and also racketeer and bootlegger.

Among the "Professional & Technical," according to the Bureau, are: balloonist, tattoo artist, snake charmer, organ grinder, swans officer, medicine man, bird doctor, and medium. And last, but by no means least, impersonator.

We have no quarrel with the Bureau, but we sure wouldn't want one of its experts screening subscriptions for us! Business Week has its own definitions of management and technical executives. A snake charmer, no matter how charming, is still



a snake charmer to us. And you'll never find Business Week in your bird doctor's waiting room. Last year, we politely refused subscriptions to nearly 11,000 people—an astonishing practice in the publishing business. But it means BW is going to people who really can use its contents in business. And our 673 advertisers cheer.

BUSINESS WEEK

A McGraw-Hill Magazine

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19-story Havana headquarters, complete with piped music and two offices for INRA President Fidel Castro, INRA is running 1,392 collective farms, 2,000 "people's stores," 1,215 new schools, 15 fishing co-ops, 80 sewing schools, 1,000 "alphabetization centers" for adult illiterates. It even collects the tolls on the auto tunnel under Havana Bay.

INRA's work, spearheaded by idealistic young army officers, zealous female social workers and, as of last week, at least 70 Russian technicians, is having a deep effect. Said straw-hatted Luis Zaya, 31, jawing away a rainy afternoon on the porch of People's Store No. 9 in Pinar del Rio: "I'm 100% better. Before, there was no work. Now there's work all year. Now we are eating—rice, eggs, beans." Assured of \$88 a month on his INRA co-op, Zaya says: "If this is Communism, let it come."

Big Picture. The Popular Socialist (Communist) Party, echoed by Che Guevara, sees the revolution as only "the first step toward the inevitable goal of socialism." But knowing that the step is a big one, party headquarters displays not a portrait of Lenin but one of Fidel Castro. Could Castro ever turn on his ardent backers? "That could never happen," smiles Communist Party Boss Juan Marinello, basking in the thought that establishment of relations with Russia and Czechoslovakia will probably be followed by Cuban recognition of Red China.

What stands in Khrushchev's way in Cuba? A rash of opposition groups have sprung up, all taking anti-Communism as their theme. An anti-Castro junta will soon form in Miami (a city called "West Berlin" by its bitter Cuban exiles). One group beams shortwave broadcasts to Cuba nightly at 9 over Boston's WRUL; another, the Movement for Revolutionary Recovery, is headed by four former Castro officials, has cells all over Cuba, and publishes a clandestine newspaper, *Rescate* (Rescue). Nine small guerrilla bands are operating in Cuba's mountains—though a government patrol last week claimed the capture of the most publicized insurgent, ex-Castro Captain Manuel Beatón.

Encouraged by a Cuban Roman Catholic pastoral warning of Communism "within the gates," the rebels expect Castro's headlong reform to collapse, bringing the regime down with it. It is a remote prospect; in the predictable future, the U.S. apparently will just have to get along with, without giving in to, the truculent neighbor who now presides over a people the U.S. once thought its good friend.

THE AMERICAS

Familiar Faces

Voters in two backward Andean countries last week brought back a pair of ex- Presidents to office.

¶ José María Velasco Ibarra, 67, was the only one of Ecuador's four candidates who correctly sensed the sharply heightened appeal of learning, land, and a thicker slice of the national economy in an agricultural nation where nearly half of



Foto Pocheo

PRESIDENT-ELECT VELASCO IBARRA
Double comeback in the mountains.

the people are illiterate and the annual per capita income is \$17.2. The Sorbonne-educated professor of government, ascetically lean and given to wearing natty waistcoats, called to him "all the multitudes who dream of a new life with justice and real democratic equality, without privileged parties." He recalled the roads and schools that he lavished on the country during his previous three presidential terms (1934-35, 1944-47, 1952-56). This time he promised to tax large property holders into selling out in favor of a land-reform program, and to spend heavily on public housing and highways.

¶ Víctor Paz Estenssoro, 52, the President who led Bolivia through a sweeping revolution from 1952 to 1956, smashing the army and giving illiterate Indians guns and votes, will take over a bankrupt country on Aug. 6. Bolivia has no treasury reserves, is almost wholly dependent on the U.S., whose \$150 million subsidy has kept the country going for the past seven years. Per capita annual income has fallen 10% (to \$60) since 1956; the tin mines that Paz Estenssoro nationalized in 1952 are now losing Bolivia \$6,000,000 a year, cannot fill their quotas under the international tin agreement even though they employ more men than ever. In his victory statement Paz Estenssoro called for "revolutionary order." But his incoming Vice President and revolutionary comrade, Juan Lechin, the Lebanese-descended onetime auto salesman who bosses the miners' union, will stand squarely in his way; Union Boss Lechin opposes firing unnecessary workers or demanding more production. Sooner or later, if he is to achieve his aims, Paz Estenssoro will presumably have to clash with Lechin—and Lechin has behind him the miners' militia, the country's best armed force.



... a hand in things to come

Giving strawberries their place in the sun

Strawberries grow rich and ripe in the sunshine, but they do need special care. Berries that touch the earth can develop ground rot, and the sun itself bakes moisture from the soil. Today, many farmers solve these problems with something you can try in your own garden—black polyethylene film from Union Carbide. Easily rolled out in long strips, this mulch protects the berries from ground rot, helps keep the earth warm and moist, and smothers troublesome weeds in darkness. Tomatoes, melons, peppers and many other fruit and vegetable plants—set in the ground through the film—grow with spectacular results... yielding a richer and earlier harvest.

Acres of plastic film are being used on the farm in many other ways. Sheets of vinyl, another Union Carbide plastic, serve as a lining in ponds and irrigation ditches to prevent seepage. Silos of polyethylene film can be set up right in the field as a convenient way to preserve animal feed. And, anyone can use transparent polyethylene, stretched over a wood frame, to make a low-cost, do-it-yourself greenhouse.

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... a hand
in things to come



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PEOPLE

Outside of the royal family, the only person in the British Commonwealth who rates being addressed as Her Majesty is **Salote**, the 6-ft. 3-in., 280-lb. Queen of the Tonga. Last week Her Majesty, 60, winged in from her Polynesian archipelago to Sydney, Australia, to have a historical ball in that city's famed Cape Mitchell Library. Her scholarly project was to fill in the gaps in Tonga's archives. She pored over papers dating back to 1797, examined the journals of Circumnavigator James Cook, who first saw Tonga in 1773, duly noted that Explorer Abel Tasman, discoverer of Tasmania, had paid a visit to Tonga way back in 1643. Fascinated, the Queen is now undecided as to whether the royal treasury would be strained more by the cost of microfilming the records in Australia or by dispatching a scholar to Sydney for a year's work.

When Cuba's ousted Dictator **Fulgencio Batista**, supposedly foresightedly, put up \$82,500 in 1957 for a large pink stucco hacienda in Daytona Beach, Fla., many of the locals began speculating about what sort of effect he might have, as a neighbor, upon real estate values. After Batista fled Cuba on New Year's Day, 1959, he wound up in the Madeira Islands, where most of his household has since joined him. Batista has apparently given up hopes of taking up exile in the U.S. soon. Said his secretary: "You can be sure he's trying to sell the house. He told me so."

Seventy-three years have passed since a young teacher in Alabama held her little pupil's hand under a flowing pump spout and manually spelled out the word "water" upon the palm of blind, deaf **Helen Keller**. Last week Miss Keller, almost



HELEN KELLER
More than a fountain.

80, went to Radcliffe College for the informal dedication of the Anne Sullivan Memorial Fountain, which flows in the Helen Keller Garden that was presented to her at the 50th reunion of her class ('04). Before feeling the water, Miss Keller smiled mistily, read a Braille inscription at the back of the fountain: "In memory of Anne Sullivan, teacher extraordinary, who beginning with the word, water, opened to the girl Helen Keller the world of sight and sound through touch."

After a month of occasional running in the U.S., Australia's shaggy-maned **Herb Elliott**, 22, world's fastest miler (3:54.5), flew back Down Under and got his first haircut since he had left. It cost him 56¢ for a "back and sides" job in a Sydney barbershop. Explained economy-minded Elliott: "Why pay \$2 in the States for a five-bob haircut?"

Announcing their comebacks after long retirements: two fiftyish former cinema stalwarts—**Anna May Wong**, 53, who quit the screen 17 years ago after countless mystery women roles in Fu Manchu and Charlie Chan easterns; and **Leni Riefenstahl**, 53, German film star of the 1930s, called by Hitler "the perfect example of German womanhood," who will redirect a remake of a movie in which she once starred, *The Blue Light*.

The first woman to fly at the speed of sound, aviatrix **Jacqueline Cochran**, 54, wanted to be the first to travel at twice the speed of sound. But she had to wangle her chance. Last April, Jackie visited a North American Aviation Inc. plant in Columbus, expressed a hankering to ride in an A3-J Vigilante, a Navy fighter-bomber now being tested. She soon learned that the line of would-be passengers, including several admirals, formed to the right. Last week, after turning her persuasive talents

on some top Pentagon brass, Jackie climbed into the rear cockpit of a Vigilante, was off for a 57-minute run during which the plane hit a speed of Mach 2.2. Upon landing, Passenger Cochran allowed: "I think I could fly it myself, after-a check-out."

Several years after he won four gold medals in Hitler's Berlin in the 1936 Olympic Games, lightning-legged Track Whiz **Jesse Owens** lent them to a Harlem exposition that was celebrating the Negroes' advancement in the U.S. He never saw them again; they were either lost or stolen in the return mail, uninsured. Recently Owens, now a 46-year-old grandfather, mentioned his loss to an American Olympic Committee member, who wrote to Karl Ritter von Halt, head of the German National Olympic Committee. Von Halt acted quickly, had four exact duplicate medals struck off, had them relayed to Owens in Chicago, refused to hear of being reimbursed for them. Owens, who works for the Illinois Youth Commission, was touched by Von Halt's gesture: "It's hard to put it into words. I had a hell of a time writing that letter of thanks."

Reported the London *Daily Telegraph's* Columnist Peter Simple in a real-as-life spoof of a famed Briton just back from a glowingly uncritical trip to Red China: "Field Marshal **Lord Montgomery** has just returned from a flying visit to Hell. His impressions were as follows: 'I liked Hell very much. It is a good show, a very good show indeed. The Devil is a very sound chap and an able organizer. We had excellent talks. He has everything well under control. Discipline and administration are excellent. All the chaps I met there were warm, happy, fit and well in the picture. I promised the Devil that I would tell everybody what a good show Hell was. This I shall do.'"



ANNA MAY WONG
Out of the countless.



LENI RIEFENSTAHL
Back from the perfect.

THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the Washington Star:

WOMAN PRIVES BODY
IN TRUNK ISN'T HERS

Split in the Family

Alicia Patterson was a poor little rich girl, the daughter of New York *Daily News* Founder Joseph Medill Patterson, childless and restless after two divorces, with little to occupy her but New York's nightclub circuit. Harry Guggenheim also was born rich; heir to a mining and minerals fortune, he headed two of his family's multimillion-dollar foundations, served as U.S. Ambassador to Cuba. In 1939, Harry and Alicia were married and set up light housekeeping in a 30-room Norman chateau at Sands Point, Long Island. Within a year, Guggenheim found a novel way of giving Alicia's life more purpose; he put up \$70,000 for her to use in starting a newspaper. "Everybody," he explained, "ought to have a job."

Alicia's new paper was *Newsday*, and Editor Patterson was born for her job. Breaking all the mossbacked rules of suburban journalism, she made *Newsday* a paper for all Long Island, a lively and irreverent daily that could always find a local angle to apply to the news of the nation and the world. *Newsday*, with more advertising lineage than any other New York daily and with a circulation that has boomed to 305,958, is a phenomenal commercial success.

Parting Company. That suits Guggenheim just fine. The owner of Cain Hoy Stables, one of the U.S.'s top money-winning horse barns (\$742,081 in 1959), Guggenheim spends much of his time following his thoroughbreds, is rarely seen

around *Newsday*'s offices, and is generally content to let Alicia run the *Newsday* show. It is in the area of politics that *Newsday* President Harry Guggenheim and *Newsday* Editor Alicia Patterson part editorial company.

Newsday was only a few months old when, in 1940, its co-owners split politically for the first time. Alicia published an endorsement of Franklin Roosevelt; Harry, a deep-dyed Republican, countered with his own announcement in support of Wendell Willkie. The Guggenheims were agreed in favoring Republicans Thomas E. Dewey in 1948 and Dwight Eisenhower in 1952. And Harry good-naturedly kept his peace in 1956, when Alicia switched to Adlai Stevenson.

Private View. But in Election Year 1960, the Guggenheims are again airing their political differences. Fortnight ago, Editor Patterson again announced her support of Adlai, whom she has admired for more than 30 years and whom she accompanied on his 1957 tour of Africa. Stevenson, she wrote, is "the best possible candidate" by virtue of "his experience, his wisdom and his ability." Last week Guggenheim replied in a signed announcement opposite *Newsday*'s editorial page. Republican Richard Nixon, he wrote, "should be nominated by the Republican Party and elected by all of the people."

In explaining his difference of opinion with Alicia, Guggenheim was amiable enough. "I don't call it a quarrel," he said. "I'm expressing my own private political view." Then he added: "Of course it can't in any way be separated from my presidency of *Newsday*." In short, any time *Newsday* Co-Owner (49%) Alicia Patterson tries to tell Co-Owner (51%) Harry Guggenheim how to vote, Husband Harry can be counted on to put in his extra two per cent's worth.

Deal in Denver

Into Denver's mile-high sunshine last week stepped the fastest-growing newspaper publisher in the U.S. In one hand he carried a battered 13-year-old briefcase bulging with the blueprints of a big deal. Within 24 hours Publisher Samuel I. Newhouse, 65, left Denver with what he had come for: a 15% cut of the Denver *Post* (circ. 256,513), plus definite expectations of ultimately gaining full control.

Newhouse is a publisher who has devoted himself less to the profession of journalism than to the buying of newspapers as business properties. Beginning with the Staten Island (N.Y.) *Advance* in 1922, he has spent 38 years and \$50 million building an empire of 14 papers with a circulation totaling 2,000,000*—rank-



Walter Doran

PUBLISHER NEWHOUSE

Money and newspapers go together.

ing second in importance in the U.S., ahead of the dwindling Hearst chain (down to 13 dailies from a high of 26) but behind Scripps-Howard (18).

"Buy?" "Sure." Newhouse has collected these newspaper properties as another man might collect sculpture. In 1939 he paid \$1,000,000 for two Syracuse papers after a single telephone call from a broker. Says Newhouse: "He called and said, 'Do you want to buy Syracuse?' And I said, 'Sure.'" Newhouse paid \$5,250,000—cash—for the Portland *Oregonian* without ever seeing the plant. Newhouse's cash reserves are so plentiful, his acquisitiveness so indefatigable, that last year he bought a \$5,000,000 controlling interest in Condé Nast Publications, which publishes *Vogue* and five other magazines, as a surprise anniversary present for his wife Mitzi.

Once having purchased a paper, Newhouse is interested mainly in making it pay—as 12 of the 14 Newhouse papers do. Editorial policy and the practice of journalism are matters he leaves to his editors, who do not even have to carry his name on the masthead and are free to endorse any cause. Says Newhouse: "It may be temperament, it may be inclination, but I will not interfere with my editors, or with local affairs." The Birmingham *News* is rabidly segregationist; in Syracuse, the Democrat-leaning *Herald-Journal* and the Republican *Post-Standard* carry on a constant editorial feud.

Sam Newhouse likes to be a bit off-handed about his press purchases. Explaining that his son Donald, who is publisher of the *Jersey Journal* (circ. 93,998), also oversees Newhouse papers in Birmingham and Huntsville, Ala. and in Portland, Ore., Newhouse says of his *Post* deal: "Denver makes a nice stop on the way



Morning Times

THE GUGGENHEIMS

Adlai and Dick came between them.

* The *Advance*, Jamaica (N.Y.); *Long Island Press*, Newark; *Star-Ledger*, Long Island City; *Star-Journal*, Syracuse; *Herald-Journal*, Post-Standard and *Herald-American* (Sunday), Harrisburg (Pa.); *Patriot and News*, Jersey City; *Jersey Journal*, Portland; *Oregonian*, Birmingham; *News*, Huntsville (Ala.); *Times*, St. Louis; *Globe-Democrat*.



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from Alabama to Portland." Be that as it may, Sam Newhouse picked up a slice of a famed newspaper.

Inimitable to Dependable. A struggling frontier-town daily until 1895, when it was bought by Harry H. Tammen, a one-time Denver bartender, and Frederick G. Bonfils, who reaped an \$800,000 fortune by fleecing Kansans in a lottery, the *Denver Post* bloomed under their cultivation into the wildest flower in the Wild West. Its front page was a crazy quilt of blaring headlines, many in red ink, and along the order of DOES IT HURT TO BE BORN?

Despite an impressive contingent of crack newsmen—among them Damon Runyon, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Burns Mantle and Gene Fowler—the paper read like a circus flyer. For an editorial page, Tammen and Bonfils substituted invective, raked up so much scandal—a good deal of it true—that they kept a loaded shotgun in their office to discourage reader complaints. As the *Post* grew in power and prosperity, its proprietors branched into other fields; the *Post* became the first and last U.S. daily ever to own a circus (Sells-Floto), run a burlesque house and sell coal.

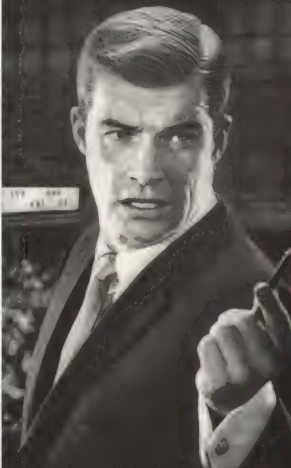
Such journalism was inimitable. But after Bonfils' death in 1933, the *Post* began to resort to the all-too-inimitable. In 1946, Bonfils' heirs hired a new editor, Edwin Palmer Hoyt, from the Portland *Oregonian*, where he had risen in twelve years from the copy desk to publisher. Sweeping out vestigial traces of the circus makeup, Hoyt gave the *Post* its first real editorial page, completed the *Post's* conversion into a sober, dependable and stodgy newspaper.

Irresistible Offer. Bonfils and Tammen had scattered their estates among a handful of bank-administered trusts and Bonfils' two daughters, Helen and May. Lacking effective leadership, the *Post*, which had netted more than \$1,000,000 a year under Tammen and Bonfils, fell on lean times; of late it has been paying stockholders—Bonfils' daughters and the bank trusts—less than a 1% return. This combination—low yield, diversified ownership—is just the situation that Newhouse likes to exploit. He has had an eye on the *Post* for five years, but paid his first visit to Denver only two weeks ago. As usual, Newhouse's offer was made in cold cash. He offered \$240 a share—a total of \$3,600,000—for the 15% block held by Bonfils' daughter May—now Mrs. Charles E. Stanton—an offer that Mrs. Stanton and her husband, a Denver interior decorator, found irresistible.

The transaction caught the *Post* itself by surprise: It was scooped on the story by the rival *Rocky Mountain News*. Other *Post* stockholders leagued to announce that Newhouse's 15% invasion was as far as he would be allowed to go. "No further sales are contemplated," said Helen Bonfils Davis firmly. "Not under any circumstances."

But Newhouse had no ear for such talk. He had every reason to think that before long he would own a majority interest in the *Post*.

Keeps hair in place around-the-clock! Fights dandruff hour after hour!



NEW! A scientifically medicated formula that fights dandruff... moisturizes your hair and scalp to stop dryness! And 'TOP BRASS' is 100% non-greasy. Use it day after day without any grease build-up!

Revlon



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'TOP BRASS' ROLL-ON DEODORANT

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Kills odor-causing bacteria on contact!

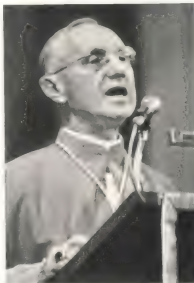
EDUCATION

The Letter

The pastoral letter, read from church pulpits all over the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of St. Louis last week, set down stringent new requirements for Catholic attendance at non-Catholic colleges and universities. "We are alarmed and grieved at the number of graduates who are selecting secular and non-Catholic colleges," wrote St. Louis' Archbishop Joseph E. Ritter. "In our solicitude for our young graduates, we remind them and their parents that they must always be far more concerned about nurturing and protecting their Faith than they are about pursuing higher studies."

In this spirit, Archbishop Ritter declared that no Catholic student may attend a non-Catholic institution unless written permission is obtained from the archdiocese. Such permission will be granted only "for just and serious reasons," where students promise to enroll in college Catholic activity and discussion groups. Among just and serious reasons: financial hardships that might be involved in attending a Catholic school, receipt of a scholarship from a non-Catholic college, unavailability of certain courses in a Catholic school that might be essential to the education of an individual student.

Although Archbishop Ritter sternly warned that no Catholic student under any circumstances is exempt from the provisions of his pastoral letter, Catholics are bound to this edict only as "a matter of conscience," in deference to the spiritual authority of the archbishop. Moreover, some Catholic clergymen are not convinced that attendance at one of the 258 Catholic colleges and



ARCHBISHOP RITTER
Orders for St. Louis.

universities in the U.S. is an automatic guarantee that a Catholic student's faith will be strengthened.

Says the Very Rev. Dom Aelred Graham, prior of the Portsmouth Priory, a Benedictine monastery whose monks run the exclusive Portsmouth Priory School, which annually sends the majority of its graduates to non-Catholic colleges (top favorite: Harvard): "Sooner or later, boys are going to have to face the challenge of the unbelieving modern world. The question is: Where are they going to do it? St. Thomas Aquinas stated that an inadequate argument for religion invites the derision of nonbelievers. If a boy at a Catholic college has the impression that his religious problems are not being honestly faced—that he is being provided merely with stock textbook answers—then he might conceivably be in a worse position than in an atmosphere of true inquiry. In such an atmosphere, at least, he can always rely on the simplicities of the faith he learned in childhood."

Added Dom Aelred: "Educators and educated alike should be preoccupied with the truth. The Catholic Church has always claimed that she has nothing to fear from the truth. If these two propositions were kept in mind, then the secular v. the Catholic college controversies might largely disappear."

Room at the Top

In the summer of 1956, two young graduates of Dallas' Highland Park High School embarked on the most rigorous ordeal of their young lives: the plebe year at the U.S. service academies. Annapolis Midshipman Alton K. Thompson and West Point Cadet Charles Paddock Otstott (who had spent a year at Southern Methodist University) had impressive rec-

ords to maintain. At Highland Park, both were presidents of their senior class, both were members of the National Honor Society, and both were recipients of the top award given by the National Honor Society for all-round excellence in grades and extracurricular activities.

Last week, as they went off to relax on postgraduation leaves, Ensign Thompson and 2nd Lieut. Otstott left behind them still more impressive records. Each commanded his academy's undergraduate battalions, each was graduating class president, each led his class both academically and in military standing. For Highland Park High's prize alumni,* only one more goal was left to shoot for in the distant future: Chief of Staff for their respective services.

Kudos

U.S. colleges continued to honor a variety of professions and accomplishments. Among the recipients of honorary degrees last week:

American University

Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court . . . LL.D.

Boston University

Marian Anderson, Negro concert and opera singer, onetime U.S. delegate to the United Nations . . . Mus.D.
Carl Mydans, LIFE Magazine photographer . . . HH.D.

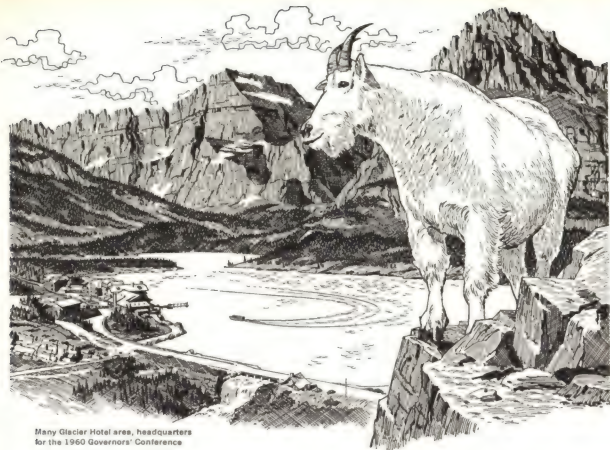
* Highland Park High School, which serves two upper-class Dallas suburbs, University Park and Highland Park, is one of the toughest high schools academically in the Southwest. From 1957 to 1959, only 40 of its 1,022 graduates did not attend college. In 1960, the national ratio of graduating seniors to National Merit scholars was 1,666 to 1; at Highland Park, the ratio proved to be 183 to 1.



ENSIGN THOMPSON
Honors for Dallas on sea . . .



2ND LIEUT. OTSTOTT
... and on land.



Many Glacier Hotel area, headquarters
for the 1960 Governors' Conference

Glacier National Park

Millions of years old –
but celebrating its 50th birthday!



The Land of Shining Mountains . . .
Montana's treasure of treasures . . .
Glacier National Park is 50 years
old this year.

What a curious golden anniversary
year, for Glacier Park's lofty peaks were thrust
up from the plains millions of years ago.

America's fourth largest national park, Glacier
will be host in June to governors of the 50 states
who will meet for their annual conference.

This is an especially happy occasion for Great
Northern Railway, which had an important role
in the establishment of Glacier National Park.
Through these 50 years we have been host to
legions of summer travelers in the lodges, hotels
and motels of Glacier National Park—50 years
of fun for visitors, and for us!

There's fun in store for you, too, in Glacier
Park during its anniversary year. Go direct on
Great Northern's Western Star.

For complete information on Glacier National Park vacations, including
accommodations, costs and travel arrangements, write: P. G. HOLMES,
Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul 1, Minn.



**1960
GOVERNORS'
CONFERENCE**

*Golden Anniversary
Montana's Glacier National Park*



THREE FINE CAMERAS IN ONE



NEW 35MM Anscomark M...

automatic exposure control for all of its lenses

Here's the 35mm camera designed for professionals that even beginners can use. Big, bright rangefinder-viewfinder gives perfect sharpness every time. And the Anscomark M gives you automatic exposure control with each of its lenses: telephoto, normal or wide angle. Rapid-wind lever lets you shoot sport sequences. High-speed flash shutter

covers the full range from 1 to 1/500 sec. plus Bulb. You get perfect results with this great shutter, using any kind of flash.

Anscomark M with f 2.8 lens \$134.50
... with f 1.9 lens \$159.50. Accessory lenses: 100mm f 4 Telephoto lens \$79.50. 35mm f 3.5 Wide Angle lens \$59.50. Leather case \$12.50.



35 mm... ELECTRIC EYE

new Ansco set

\$69⁹⁵

automatic setting
of all exposure controls

Ready for a quality 35mm camera? Check an Ansco set. Here's the camera that has a fast f 2.8 lens plus shutter speeds from 1/8 to 1/1000 sec. ... and they all get set automatically! Just match the needle, focus through the big rangefinder-viewfinder ... and

shoot. Ansco set sets itself to the perfect combination. Ring-set flash control makes great flash pictures easy as reading your watch. Leather case \$9.95. Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y., A Division of General Aniline & Film Corp.

PICTURE IT NOW... SEE IT FOREVER

Ansco

Brown University
Felix Frankfurter, U.S. Supreme Court Justice ... LL.D.

Colby College
Norman Dello Joio, song and opera composer ... Mus.D.

Georgetown University
John L. Lewis, president, United Mine Workers of America ... L.H.D.

Goucher College
Margaret Mead, anthropologist, sociologist ... LL.D.

Citation: "If college students know more than they used to about the methods and findings of anthropology, Margaret Mead is largely responsible for this fact."

Marianne Moore, poet ... Litt.D.

Michigan State University
Harry S. Truman ... LL.D.
Charles Bohlen, diplomat, Soviet expert ... LL.D.

New York University
Jaime Benitez, chancellor, University of Puerto Rico ... LL.D.
Robert D. Murphy, diplomat, onetime Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs ... LL.D.

Citation: "From the lowest office apprenticeship to the highest ambassadorial portfolio, he has helped shape our external affairs through the tumultuous transition from political isolation to global immersion."

Northwestern University
James Van Allen, physicist ... Sc.D.
Agnes de Mille, choreographer D.F.A.

Swarthmore College
Milton Eisenhower, president, Johns Hopkins University ... Litt.D.

University of California (Berkeley)
Joseph Russell Knowland, publisher, *Oakland Tribune* ... LL.D.
James William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee ... LL.D.

University of Michigan
Sir Geoffrey Crowther, managing director, *The Economist* ... LL.D.

University of North Carolina
Lenoir Chambers, editor, *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot* ... LL.D.

Citation: "He has continued to exert a salutary influence on the upper South through his forward-looking policies expressed in scholarly and humane editorials ..."

University of Southern California
Edward Teller, physicist ... Sc.D.
James Albert Pike, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California ... LL.D.

Utah State University
Ardeshtir Zahedi, Iranian Ambassador to the U.S. ... LL.D.



General Motors Corp., Pontiac, Mich.

Vauxhall is a family-size small car loaded with big-car features

The British-built Vauxhall fits a one-car family with ease. Its four big doors open onto stretch-out room for five, including bouncy kids. And in the rear there's vacation-size luggage space. Despite its trim compactness (only 14 feet long) Vauxhall is, in every way, a family car.

Unlike most small cars, imported or domestic, Vauxhall is austere only in economy. On every other count it's lavish.

Take luxury: dual visors, four arm rests, ash trays front and rear, deluxe steering wheel, full instrumentation,

rear seat carpeting, elegant English-tailored Morrokide or fabric and Morrokide upholstery in a choice of colors, foam cushions, automatic courtesy lighting, ignition key starting, heater and defroster standard.

Or engineering: 4-cylinder 55 h.p. "oversquare" engine, standard American gearshift, hypoid rear axle, recirculating ball steering, integral body and chassis, king-size hydraulic four-wheel brakes, even underslating.

And Vauxhall is a rarity among imports with its wrap-around windshield and rear window, and its heavy-duty

wrap-around bumpers, front and rear.

Another Vauxhall distinction: because it's imported in limited numbers, you look like a million instead of a million others.

So if you're thinking of a small car, think of Vauxhall—the fine small car with big car ideas.

for less than \$2,000



SOLD AND SERVICED BY PONTIAC DEALERS ALL ACROSS AMERICA



What a thrilling trip—in a new 1960 Pontiac Bonneville Custom Safari.

NEW CAR TO PUT NEW ZEST IN THE LIFE YOU LEAD

About this word "zest"—the dictionary says . . . keen enjoyment . . . exciting quality. In terms of a family—with a new car, it means, "What are we waiting for? Let's see all those places we've read about, heard about, talked about!"

Now is the time to include a new car in your vacation planning. There are so many outstanding features in the GM line of fine cars that will add zest to your summer vacation—and for a long time to come. The comfort of roomy Bodies by Fisher, the security of Safety Plate Glass in every window, the safety of advanced

new suspension systems—they're all ready to help make this the greatest summer you've ever seen for family fun and easy traveling!

Best of all, you're sure to find the car that meets your family's requirements. Spacious station wagons, high-styled sedans, eye-catching convertibles—and your selection of sizes. Nothing you can buy for the money will return so much over so long a time as a new car—and your friendly General Motors dealer can quickly show you just how easy it is to own one. See him soon. Like today.

GO GM FOR '60

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE BUICK CADILLAC — ALL WITH BODY BY FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS



The new "car quiet" Beechcraft Travel Air whisks 4 or 5 executives to important contacts at comfortable 200 mph cruising speeds—for barely more than auto mileage costs!

Are you missing out?

Many a man has more in him than he is capable of putting out. Where he is, he gets the job done. Where he isn't, he misses opportunities.

How can we ask that man to be everywhere? Well, we can't, but he can get to a lot more places in a Beechcraft than with any other transportation available. So we say, "multiply him, by putting him in more places at the right time for that right decision." Big profits follow. You'll find a Beechcraft a sound basis for

making more money. You can add more top men just by adding a Beechcraft.

Take a look at the Beechcraft Travel Air—quietest, thriftiest, easiest to fly twin-engine business plane in the 200 mph class. Room for 5. Arm chair comfort. Head room, hip room, leg room and luggage room. A money-making flying office that can pay for itself over and over.

Get the facts now about low-cost Beech financing and leasing plans.



New bigger, roomier Travel Air cabin is 19 inches longer for 1960, now seats 5 in luxuriously comfortable individual reclining chairs. Large baggage compartment, easily accessible in flight.



New Beechcraft Bonanza with fuel injection has top speed of 210 mph. Seats four comfortably. 1,200 mile range. Amazingly easy to fly!



New Beechcraft Super G18 seats 7 (9 seats optional). Airliner-type interior. Private Inventory. Food bar, 234 mph top speed. Up to 1,625 mile range.

Write for free booklet, "The Dollars and Sense of Business Flying," to Public Relations Dept., Beech Aircraft Corp., Wichita 1, Kansas, U.S.A.

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BEECHCRAFTS ARE THE AIR FLEET
OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

MUSIC

Der Jazz

The idea of a stolid German at a jam session seems at first glance as unlikely as an Irishman at a temperance meeting or a Laplander in the bull ring. Nevertheless, jazz (pronounced *yahzt*) has come to Germany in such a big way that the Germans are now recognized by many as Europe's most frenzied buffs. Last week the German jazz season was in full swing: thousands gathered in Berlin for the Amateur Jazz Festival, following a Frankfurt bash that made the U.S.'s Newport Festival seem like a Sunday musicale.

Hausmusik. The most popular groups at both festivals bore nostalgic, New Orleans-styled names. The winning band at Berlin was called "Papa Kos Jazzin' Babies," and among the 23 bands at Frankfurt were the Riverboat Seven of Munich, the Düsseldorf Feetwarmers, Berlin's Spree City Stompers. They belted out meticulous imitations of the legendary New Orleans bands of King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, Johnny Dodds. To listeners remembering old Okeh and Paramount recordings, the effect was sometimes eerily familiar: Frankfurt's Barrel House Jazzband, for instance, aped the disk of *Dippemouth Blues* with such studious care that they even mastered the ascending intonation of the famous cry, "Oh, play that thing," near the record's end. And a jazz singer named Inge Brandenburg, 31, belted out her numbers with a phrasing and intonation that made her a dead ringer for Billie Holiday.

Although milder American pop music was played in Germany even during the Nazi years, jazz as such was suppressed by the Nazis as "artfremder Niggerjazz"; in Frankfurt a few musicians used to rent boats and row back into the swampland along the Rhine to hold their jam sessions. Postwar jazz in Germany was fostered by U.S. Army bands and the Armed Forces Network, and there are now about 50 professional German combos and roughly 1,000 amateur jazz bands, many of them on high school and college campuses. Other amateurs play in abandoned bomb shelters or in the "jazz-houses" erected by German cities to keep youngsters off the streets. What has happened, notes one jazz authority, is that jazz has replaced the family musicale as the "Hausmusik of our time."

Gründlichkeit. What accounts for Germany's jazz boom? In some respects, jazz merely reflects the Germans' traditional musicality through a new prism. Germans are also inveterate collectors and joiners, and jazz gives them a whole new field to operate in. One well-known collector has 7,000 records; another, who lost his treasure in the war, is famed for having painstakingly rebuilt the "only complete Bessie Smith collection in Europe." For the joiners, there is the *Deutsche Jazz-Föderation*, which has 4,000 members in its 70 local "Hot Clubs."

Perhaps the biggest appeal of jazz is to

the German *Gründlichkeit*, or pedantic thoroughness. The Cologne Conservatory now offers a two-year jazz course, partly conducted by a critic who writes under the name Dr. Jazz. German jazz buffs will write a dissertation at the drop of a flatted fifth. Recently, a German newspaper critic examined the jazz scene in this thicket of pseudo-Nietzschean prose: "The assembling of most refined musical means serves in the case of jazz to extract from



Stars & Stripes

SINGER BRANDENBURG

Like a Laplander in the bull ring?

the depths of the blood an experience which is realized with the clearest consciousness, not in order to spiritualize it as a performance but rather to re-awaken the listener to a sense of the demonic in the unconscious."

The pedantic approach has so far stifled any real originality, but it has produced perhaps the most enthusiastic jazz audience in the world. "If they don't put marble busts of Beiderbecke and Ellington on the piano at home," remarked one critic last week, "it's only because such busts aren't available yet."

Pop Records

Swinging Dors (Diana Dors; Columbia). In her first album, British Cinematograph Dors, who is best known as a platinum-haired prowl, demonstrates surprisingly that she is also a singer. Equipped with a clear, flexible voice and a natural knack for phrasing, she works her way with equal ease through ballads (*Imagination*) and rhythm songs (*Come By Sunday*), giving all of them a raffish and rueful charm.

Tell Laura I Love Her (Ray Peterson; RCA Victor). The newest and by all odds the sickest of the sick teen-age songs describes a young driver who enters a stock-car race to get money for a wedding ring and, as he is slowly dying in flames, warbles: "Tell Laura I love her. Tell Laura I need her. Tell Laura not to cry. My love for her will never die." With Singer Peterson bleating expressively through his tears, the record looks uncomfortably like a top seller.

Ping Pong Percussion (Chuck Sagle and his Orchestra; Epic). Bandleader Sagle has a lot of fun with timbales, tam-tams, glockenspiels, marimbas, etc., in a record clearly pitched to the neophyte stereo addict. For the most part, the fun is more in the studio than in the speaker, but in some of the more fanciful numbers—*Make Love to Me*, *High Society*—the hand crackles with a kind of auditory wit that suggests Spike Jones gone highbrow.

Southern Scene (Dave Brubeck Quartet, Trio and Duo; Columbia). Brubeck and men, in warm and witty mood, return to the folk materials they have examined so successfully before. Brubeck contributes some quietly capering choruses to *When It's Sleepy Time Down South* and *Joannie With the Light Brown Hair*. Alto Saxophonist Paul Desmond offers a fine, wistful solo in *Southern Scene*, and the whole group swings with a loose, happy-holiday feeling.

Lite Love (Andre Previn and Orchestra; Columbia). Composer-Arranger-Pianist Previn offers some familiar thoughts (*Love Is Here to Stay*, *I Wish I Were in Love Again*) wrapped in a cobwebby basket of strings. The best thing about the record is Previn's own piano playing, which comes across dry, witty, and with a feeling for mood and invention that never falters.

Cathy's Clown (Everly Brothers; Warner Bros.). All about a chippie named Cathy who treats her rejected suitor so scurvily that he feels like a \$50-a-week circus performer. The delivery of the Brothers Everly is, if possible, more adenoidal than ever, but their righteous bleats have placed Cathy well ahead of Elvis at the top of the charts.

Greenfields (the Brothers Four; Columbia). "Where," say the brothers with a quaver, "are the greenfields that we used to roam?" The answer is they are right there in the jukeboxes, where they are providing the brothers with one of the most durable hits to come along in many a month. The sound on this teary disk suggests nothing so much as four spooks whispering in a sarcophagus.

Can-Can and Anything Goes (Benny Carter and Hal Schaefer; United Artists). A hipster's eye view of Cole Porter. Alto Saxophonist Carter and Pianist Schaefer romp exuberantly, with the aid of assorted sidemen, through *I Love Paris*, *Anything Goes*, *You're the Top*, transforming these Broadway classics into a crackling bed of hot Coles. Arranger Schaefer's most improbable invention: a version of *C'est Magnifique* opening with a snatch of the *Lohengrin* wedding march.

SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

"Bought Peace"

"We've done great damage which must be repaired," said Actor Tom Bosley (*Fiorello!*). "Let us hope the public will forgive us." Few of the actors crowded into Manhattan's grubby St. Nicholas Arena felt that contrite. Actress Maureen Stapleton (*Toys in the Attic*) rushed weeping to the microphone and announced irrelevantly: "This union is my family and my life." The Actors Equity meeting had convened to ratify a settlement of Broadway's week-long theater blackout. Each side claimed victory, but each side had been hurt. Producers totaled up losses of over \$1,000,000; Equity owed its 741 locked-out members close to \$90,000 in per-diem allowances.

Prominent in arranging the settlement was manicured Moss Hart, who treated the combatants like the petulant children they were. Surprisingly, Playwright-Director Hart herded the negotiating teams into separate rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel ("The producers had air-conditioning and a view of the street," pointed out an Equity spokesman), lectured them gently, ran messages. In 14 hours the deadlock was broken. Terms of the Moss-backed compromise:

¶ A weekly minimum pay raise of \$7.50 for actors in the first year of a four-year contract, increasing to \$14 by 1963. Equity had demanded an immediate \$11.50 boost. Minimum rehearsal pay was raised from \$75 to \$82.50 a week, will reach \$97.50 by 1963.

¶ A six-year pension plan, with producers contributing 1% of the actors' payroll in the first year, 3% by the third. Equity had asked 4% by 1965.

Producers quickly soothed theatergoers'

fears by suggesting that increased costs could be absorbed in current budgets, without hiking already exorbitant (\$9.50 top) ticket prices. But this week, as theater marquees flashed on, ticket offices were swamped with orders, and cabs were once again as scarce as Sunday matinees. Elder Statesman Hart was strikingly pessimistic. "This is a bought peace, on both sides. The issues have merely been swept under the rug. The theater is desperately ill; nobody realizes how shaky it is."

SPECTACLES

Bizneyland

In less than an hour, the customers can cross the Rockies in an ore bucket, cruise the Great Lakes in a stern-wheeler, crouch in a bunker at Cape Canaveral and watch the missile gap narrow with a perfect shot every six minutes. On the northern outskirts of New York City (the real one), where big, white-ribbon highways trellis over swampy wastes, Freedland opens next week. Billed as "the world's largest outdoor entertainment center," it rises out of a former garbage dump, is nothing less than a replica of the continental U.S.A., 833 yds. from parkway to shining parkway, with coconuts in Florida, corn in Iowa, and cash registers from Oregon to Maine.

Ranking Redskin. Expecting at least 5,000,000 visitors a year, Freedland will ring with coin. However elaborate, roadside shows are as old as roads, but from Massachusetts' Pleasure Island to California's Disneyland, they are boho as never before—perhaps because restless audiences, tired of passively watching so much canned and channeled entertainment, are eager for such tangible Freedland features as an electromagnetic

dragon, real buffalo grazing the prairies, honest Indians taking passengers for rides in birch-bark Chippewa war canoes (the birch bark is actually Fiberglas, and the Chippewas are mainly Fiberglas, recruited by Manhattan Cherokee Arthur Juna-luska, the ranking redskin in New York). Freedland's immigration fee is \$1 (less for children), and 50¢ is the top price for the individual attractions, which include:

¶ **THE CHICAGO FIRE.** Half the West Side bursts into flame every 20 minutes, and who is it but Mrs. O'Leary there, coming out of the heat with an actual cow—trained to moo at crowds. Spectators are called upon to help firemen squirt the blaze from a hand-pump engine. Meanwhile, a cool operator in a fireproof booth turns up the hidden gas jets, then slowly turns them down as the fire subsides, leaving on view the pre-charred timbers of skeleton buildings.

¶ **THE CIVIL WAR.** Like newsmen in the 1860s, passengers ride to the battle lines in white, horse-drawn correspondents' wagons, get caught in a blistering cross-fire. Plastic corpses—eight in grey, eight in blue—litter the battlefield; farmhouses burn; cannon balls seem to plop within inches of the customers. Crossfire is Freedland's favorite device: the "Buccaneers" concession sends paying guests on a port tack between two fiercely battling pirate ships; and throughout the Wild West, Indians are forever blazing away at anything that moves, usually past the noses of tourists.

¶ **THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE.** In an elaborately built, indoor San Francisco, passengers ride cable cars through quiet, hilly streets. Suddenly the earth rumbles, hinged buildings sway and shake, a house—built like a Venetian blind—crumbles while-u-wait, a tall monument topples, is stopped just short of clobbering the spectators.

¶ **NORTHWEST FUR TRAPPER.** Riding a trapper's bullboat through boiling rapids (on an underwater track), tourists are woofed at by bears, screamed at by wildcats, bellowed at by a bull moose that was shot in British Columbia stuffed in Denver and wired in The Bronx for a total cost of \$5,000. The boat passes a ghost town where skeleton miners are strewn around on the ground, a skeleton outlaw swings from a tree, and a skeleton fisherman sits on the river bank with a fish skeleton on the end of his line.

¶ **THE TORNADO RIDE.** A peaceful drive through farmland suddenly turns into a daymare as the customer gets what he's paid for. Caught in the core of a twister, he looks up to see barn doors, bodies, toilet seats, privy doors, cows, etc., whirling about his head in the howl and whorl of a wind machine. The illusion is complete, as the tourist car actually moves slowly across the interior of a huge drum that spins at 75 revolutions per minute.

Pioneer Republic. Built at a cost of \$6½ million by 47-year-old Chicago Entrepreneur Peter De Met, who owns a chain of bowling alleys and produces such TV shows as *Championship Bowling* and



END OF AN OUTLAW & CIVIL WAR SCENE AT FREEDLAND
Also coconuts in Florida, corn in Iowa and cash registers from Oregon to Maine.



Bob W. Bourne/Photo



Photo: Prowse



JULIET PROWSE AS CAN-CAN DANCER, SERPENT OF EDEN, LEADING LADY IN "G.I. BLUES"
Just a sweet, shy, reserved girl who wears Sinatra like an ankle charm.

All-Star Golf. Freedomland has a 10,000-car parking lot (50¢), expects 85,000 visitors on good days, an average of 37,000 (v. 60,000 tops at Disneyland). Many of the park's features are undisguised advertisements: ye olde brewery is built and operated by Schaefer beer; Elsie the Borden cow is the most conspicuous resident of a Midwestern farm; the Bank of New York operates regular banking facilities (the building is ancient, but the interest is modern); the clocks in the Chicago and San Francisco railway stations bear the monogram of the Hamilton Watch Co. Nonetheless, three staunchly anticapitalist preview visitors were impressed; they were reporters from the Soviet Union's Tass news agency. Last week the Kremlin announced plans for a Moscow amusement park—to be called either Wonderland or Pioneer Republic—built on a huge relief map of Russia. Of course it will feature rocket models and a space ship.

HOLLYWOOD

The Nicest Yet

She's the nicest girl Sinatra's ever gone with—

Nicer than Ava, Lauren, Kim, Kyle, Candy, Kitty, Sally, Shirley, Terri, Patti, Marta, Milly, Lana, Lulu, and Lady Beatty.

The tribute is echoed in various forms by many long-memoried observers all over Hollywood. Frankie's latest "latest" deserves anyone's admiration: she is a tall, intelligent, guileless South African dancer named Juliet Prowse, who calls Hollywood a "demoralizing hick town" and wears Sinatra like an ankle charm.

Featured in Fox's *Can-Can* and starred with Elvis Presley in a film now in production, she has about her a pouting, full-lipped flavor that suggests an exercised, trim-figured Bardot. But Juliet

Prowse is no BB. She's a high-caliber bullet. Last week, on camera for Hal Wallis' *G.I. Blues*, Juliet writhed and swiveled through a German nightclub jazz dance from hem to hips. At a ringside table, a fat cat with slowly inflating eyes made an impassioned grab and caught the center panel, pulling her toward his lap. For his pangs, he was shot in the face with his own stein of beer. "Cut," called Director Norman Taurog, and a wardrobe woman rushed forth to sponge the foam from Juliet's snowy thighs.

Watching rapidly off-camera, Elvis Presley also swiveled ("He would make a damn good dancer," says Juliet. "He's got fabulous rhythm"), made his own grab for the center panel a scene or two later, when he gave Juliet her first on-screen kiss. "Cut," said Taurog finally. "Cut." I said, "Cut." Do you hear me? Cut! But Taurog merely got a wave from the sound-dog man.

The Tree of Life. Off the lot, Presley couldn't so much as polish Juliet's Thunderbird, for many good reasons, not the least of which is that Frankie got there first. They met on the set of *Can-Can*. She was "terrified of him," but soon she fell for the bony build, that dimpled chin, those big blue wisecracks. He, in turn, was more entranced than Khrushchev by her can-can, and—in another scene of the film—must have got ideas when she slid sensually down from the branches of the Tree of Life, dressed in blue-green moltable snakeskin, a big red apple in her hand.

A discreet girl with wisdom apparently beyond her 23 years, Juliet keeps her private life to herself, yet openly and offhandedly refers to her evening drives out to Sinatra's Coldwater Canyon home. "We date. But I would not put it as a big romance. We got on very well together. Gossip doesn't worry me. I'm an open

person. I've mixed around in this business long enough not to be embarrassed by anything pertaining to sex."

The Boy She Left Behind. Juliet Prowse's early, experimental mixing began in Johannesburg, where at eleven she won her first merit certificate—for a Greek dance, "in which I was supposed to be a moth burned by a flame." As "the baby" of Johannesburg's Festival Ballet Company, she appeared at 14 in the corps of *Swan Lake*, *Coppelia* and *Les Sylphides*. Two years later she was the Queen of the Wilis in *Giselle*. Had done well enough to continue her studies in London.

Anton Dolin's Festival Ballet in London turned her down because she was too tall (5 ft. 6½ in.). Switching to the musical theater, Juliet played Princess Samaris in the London production of *Kismet*. Later, she moved on to an engagement at Paris' La Nouvelle Eve, a nightclub distinguished for its bare dancers, but a motor-scooter accident interfered with her appearance in that particular Eden.

In Italy, working in a sort of roving revue, Juliet met a quiet, handsome dancer named Sergio Fadini. They fell in love, teamed up and toured the European nightclub circuit. Ambitious for her, Fadini helped polish Juliet's acting, her fine singing voice, her sinuous dancing. They were in Spain last year when Fadini heard that Choreographer Hermes Pan was also there, looking for dancers to take back to Hollywood for *Can-Can*. Fadini himself arranged the interview.

They still write each other.

"It's ironical," Fadini recalled philosophically in Rome last week. "I once kidded her about falling for Sinatra and she scoffed at the suggestion, saying he wasn't her kind of man. I am happy she is making a career for herself. It's my only consolation, Juliet is a sweet, shy, reserved girl. Actually, I don't see what she sees in a man like Sinatra."

How to create an industry

THE ART of electric welding, as it was practiced in pre-World War I days, would completely frustrate today's production planner. Costly, asbestos-covered electrodes had to be used to weld joints that, all too often, were erratic and of sub-standard quality.

THEN AN IDEA from A. O. Smith turned and shaped this temperamental technique into what is today the world's most useful metalworking method. Essentially a simple idea — this development took the vagaries and the high cost out of electric welding. It turned this art into a wide-reaching industry.

THE PICTURE-STORY at right tells how it happened — and how A. O. Smith progress is continuing to make things happen in welding for the future.

Through research... a better way

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A. O. Smith International S.A. Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin, U.S.A.



THE BEGINNING, 1917 — With the world at war, it became impossible for our country to import the asbestos-covered electrodes that were, at that time, considered essential in the welding of aerial bombs. Working furiously in the face of this emergency, A. O. Smith came up with an answer — electrodes wrapped in sodium silicate treated paper. Not only did this solve the immediate problem, but it led to A. O. Smith's invention of the **extruded electrode** which ushered in the modern era of mass-production welding.



THE PROGRESS — Out of A. O. Smith's continued development of a truly practical arc-welding electrode has grown an industry impossible to estimate in cash values. Wide-spanning bridges, tall-reaching buildings and low-contoured cars all reflect this progress, with welded components providing strength where it is needed. And in terms of total technology, A. O. Smith has remained the leader, pioneering such advances as the CO₂ welding process shown above, for stronger, more accurate and more economical work.

WHERE ARE TOMORROW'S DOCTORS? U.S. Medical Education Is Lagging

IN 80 medical schools this month, 7,000 graduates will don academic hoods (green, for herbs) and receive the degree of *Medicine Doctor*. After internship, the vast majority will be licensed to practice as physicians, swelling the nation's total to almost 250,000. The big round number looks impressive. But in fact, if the proportion of doctors in the community is to be kept from slipping dangerously during the population growth of the next ten to 20 years, the output must be upped by more than 40%—to 10,000 a year.

The U.S. is facing a crisis in both the quantity and quality of its medical care. The twin problems are a shortage of manpower and a drop in its caliber. The questions are multiple. Where will tomorrow's doctors come from? Where will they be trained? How good will they be? What sort of medicine will they practice—coldly scientific or warmly human?

Last week in Washington, the Association of American Medical Colleges gave a subcommittee data on shortages in manpower and money, offered a partial solution. With the annual output of new M.D.s averaging 90 per medical school (the range is between 40 and 190), the goal of 10,000 a year by 1975 would require adding the equivalent of 30 new schools. The gap is being narrowed by expansion of existing schools, and half a dozen entirely new schools are in the building or planning stages. But the remaining shortage is equal to the capacity of 20 more schools—which as yet are not even a gleam in the eye of medical educators.

The A.A.M.C.'s proposal, incorporated in a bill sponsored by Rhode Island's Democratic Representative John Fogarty: raise \$325 million in the next five years, half to come from the federal Treasury, half from matching funds provided by the schools themselves, for modernization. This way, it is estimated, 1,100 new freshman places could be created. The Fogarty bill also proposes a \$2 billion program to build 20 or more new schools, with the Government putting up two-thirds.

Emphasizing the need for a bold program are more chilling statistics. It takes at least three years to plan, build and staff a medical school, and there is a lag of five more years before its first graduates can hang out their shingles. A new school may cost anywhere from \$10 million (if laboratory, classroom and dormitory facilities can be hooked on to an existing hospital) to \$50 million (if a big general hospital, essential for teaching bedside medicine to the upper classes, has to be built from the ground up).

Two-Year Bargain? Besides the 80 schools in the continental U.S. (plus one in Puerto Rico) producing M.D.s this year, there are four "junior colleges" which teach the basic medical sciences for two years, then send their diploma-holding graduates to enter four-year schools as juniors. This is a vital and valuable service to the four-year schools. Most of their dropouts, averaging 10% (but ranging as high as 19%, depending mainly on the thoroughness of their pre-admission screening), are in the first two years. The result: vacancies in the upper classes, with only 90 M.D.s graduated for every 100 freshmen. There are an estimated 800 such vacancies now, of which fewer than 150 can be filled.

There were ten two-year schools before World War II, but several have become four-year schools. West Virginia's (Morgantown) graduates itself this year, will admit its first juniors in the fall. This leaves three: Dartmouth (Hanover, N.H.), North Dakota (Grand Forks) and South Dakota (Vermillion). Dartmouth, the nation's fourth-oldest medical school (1797), cut itself back from four to two years in 1914, has long enjoyed a cozy symbiotic relationship with Harvard Medical School, the nation's third oldest (1782).

Harvard's energetic, extravert Dean George Packer Berry invites all Dartmouth's two-year men (recent classes have averaged 24) to apply for admission to Harvard as juniors.

Most of them do. Dartmouth has now become so secure in its role of primary supplier that it is undertaking a vigorous expansion program, is putting up a new \$3,300,000 building, plans to double its enrollment to about 50 a year.

Two-year schools, say their advocates, offer the U.S. a bargain in medical education. They can be put up for \$7,000,000 to \$8,000,000, or less than one-third the average cost of a four-year school. If there were enough of them, they could fill nearly all the upper-class vacancies.

More & Better. But the idea of cutting more physicians' training into two-year bites at two schools raises controversy about the basic aims of medical education and how to achieve them. The nation's population is growing not only in numbers but in sophistication about medical matters, and is willing to pay increasing sums for more and better care. What sort of doctors does the public want?

The U.S. went through a similar soul-searching in the early 1900s, after the A.M.A. launched a crusade to put cheapjack, quick-quack medical-diploma mills out of business. This culminated in the famous Flexner Report of 1910, made by the late Abraham Flexner for the Carnegie Foundation. In a year and a half, Flexner visited all 155 so-called medical schools in the U.S. and Canada, found that many were flagrant frauds. Within a few years, more than half were put out of business.

Flexner went over to the Rockefeller boards, which put up \$50 million in 16 years to build up some of the world's finest schools (Vanderbilt University alone got \$15.3 million). The prototype and ideal was "the Hopkins," created for Johns Hopkins University in the 1890s by such brilliant men as Sir William Osler, on two revolutionary principles: 1) medical education should be under university control and pursued for a full four years (many schools were then graduating M.D.s after two years, and some within a year); and 2) faculty members should be fulltime employees, dividing their time between teaching, research and treating patients in university hospitals.

By chance, emergence of Hopkins as the model, backed by Rockefeller millions, coincided with the rise of modern scientific medicine. The Osler leadership froze this into the curriculum. Applicants for the medical school had to have some years of college, including such "pre-med" courses as biology, physics and chemistry. Then they got more of this in a horizontally stratified med school. Such fundamental subjects as anatomy and physiology were taught in big, solid blocks in the first year, and pathology in the second. Not until two years or more after he had dissected his first cadaver did the student get to see a breathing patient, and edge slowly toward the bedside.

With minor variations, the Hopkins white coat became a straitjacket in nearly all the most prestigious U.S. medical schools. Virtually all the deans and heads of departments now in office were mentally corseted in it. For all its virtues and its undeniably great superiority over what had gone before, the Hopkins plan helped to saddle the U.S. with at least two generations of physicians and surgeons to whom the practice of medicine was more a science than an art. The quality of medical care came to be judged by the number and complexity (and often the cost) of the batteries of laboratory tests that the doctor ordered. The horse-and-buggy doctor, ill-trained as he often was, carried a priceless remedy in addition to the simples in his black bag: a personal interest in his patients as people.

Stomach in Parts. If the future physician is to treat patients as individual human beings rather than numbered cases, say some educators, he must get the habit of thinking and feeling that way from the first day in med school. At Cleveland's Western Reserve University, sparked by the then dean, Joseph T. Wear, a bold experiment began in 1952. The faculty, armed with a grant from the Commonwealth Fund, staged a curricular

earthquake and turned the strata vertical. A first-year Western Reserve student gets the anatomy, physiology and biochemistry of, say, the stomach, in a single block of time, and starts seeing gastritis patients at once. He is also assigned to a family: through his four years, it is his duty to be in the clinic or at the bedside whenever any member of that family needs care. Many families come to prefer their constant student physician to his seasoned seniors, call him "our doctor," though he may be years away from his M.D.

Western Reserve finds it virtually impossible to take replacements from two-year schools for its upper classes, says its new dean, Psychiatrist Douglas D. Bond, because, of necessity, they have been taught horizontally stratified basic medical sciences. And Dr. Bond insists that medical education in the future is going to be more nearly vertical.

If he is right, the vast majority of U.S. deans and professors who serve as department heads have not got the word. Last week, one after another dismissed Western Reserve's experiment as too radical. Some said that they could not afford to try it if they wanted to—which they did not. Others claimed to have anticipated it in their own curriculums. Harvard's Berry, who can pick admissions from the top 5% of pre-med students, said that the Western Reserve plan was "far more extreme than necessary," but took credit for it as the product of Harvard-trained professors. However, Dr. Bond can also feel self-satisfied. Harvard, widely rated as the world's best med school, gets 900 to 1,000 applications for 115 places in its freshman class. Western Reserve now gets 1,100, "attracted by its exciting new curriculum," for 80 places.

One school that has adopted much of the Western Reserve plan is the University of Oklahoma. There, Hopkins-trained Dr. Stewart Wolf, professor and head of the department of medicine, says: "We have what you might call a diagonal plan, and it is working well for us. But the quality of the student and faculty is far more important than the curriculum. You could work with the world's most mock-backed curriculum and make out all right if you had a good intellectual atmosphere."

But, medical statesmen complain, what is clearly most lacking in U.S. med schools is "a good intellectual atmosphere." Dr. Ward Darley, head of the A.A.M.C. and himself a former dean (University of Colorado), says: "Stuffing students with facts is training them, not educating them. And it produces unnecessarily narrow-gauge physicians."

Academic Achievement. A second, and almost universal, complaint has to do with academic achievement. Each year, to fill 8,000 freshman places, more than 15,000 men and women make out 60,000 applications. (Many, especially members of minority groups who fear discrimination, fill out a dozen or more.) As recently as 1951, applications included 40% straight-A students, 43% B and 17% C averages. Latest figures show that, while Cs have declined three points, there has been a precipitous drop in A students to 16% while B types have zoomed to 70%. Why?

In most of the U.S., and among most social groups, the medical profession and the physician himself have lost much of their old glamour. The family doctor used to be an authoritarian but friendly figure, dispensing medicine that was more art than science and had (in its hieroglyphic prescriptions for compounding herbs) an important element of magic. Today, though most Americans have a high regard for their own family doctor, the magic is gone. They see the doctor more as a technician, making his diagnosis on the basis of lab tests, and prescribing a single wonder drug which they think they know all about—and which the druggist merely counts from a big bottle into a little bottle. According to polls, the public sees the profession generally as still authoritarian, but less friendly and more aloof—and less interested in making house calls.

Educators find that youngsters are influenced deeply by current cultural heroes. There has been a drop in applicants to medical schools since rocketeers and nuclear physicists have held the spotlight. Other major factors dimming the attractiveness of a medical career are economic. Doctors' incomes used to be relatively better than they are today, when men in other professions can earn as much and with a far shorter education. At least 75% of all U.S. physicians go through four years of

undergraduate college, then four years of med school, plus at least a year's internship, before they can make a nickel. To specialize, they need a hospital residency of two to five years, still with little chance to earn money. At best they are nearing 30 before they can support themselves and a family. By then they may be loaded with debt.

In contrast to this prolonged apprenticeship and hardship, students of the physical sciences can make a fair financial showing by age 25, and big business unabashedly uses this bait to hook promising high school and college science students.

State Chauvinism. Overall, med schools report that an increasing proportion of students are from the better-heeled social strata, with 43% coming from the best-off 11% of the population. But this varies widely between states and between different med schools. Sixty percent do some outside work all year round, and 10% work a full 40-hour week on top of a crushing schedule of classes and clinics. Some of the most expensive schools, e.g., Harvard, have such generous scholarships and loan funds that they attract more impecunious students than do more modest schools with less endowment. Virtually all state-supported schools enroll 90% of their classes from residents of the state. Partly because of this chauvinism, three states that now have no schools of their own are planning them.

Such foreseeable additions to the nation's plants for producing physicians will not be enough. For 20 years there has been a fairly stable ratio of 132 M.D.s to 100,000 people, or one for every 758. This is a crude statistic, because thousands of doctors have given up practice, or are in fulltime jobs in drug and insurance companies, administration, or concentrating so heavily on research or teaching that they never treat a patient. The ratio of general practitioners, virtually synonymous with "family doctors," and the people's first line of defense against illness, has been dropping fast because of increased specialization: from one for every 1,100 people in 1941 to one for every 1,600 today.

U.S. medical care is generally rated as good as any in the world and often proclaimed as the best. It will not hold this rating, the experts warn, if the doctor-patient and G.P.-family ratios fall farther. Says Dr. Darley: "The big problem is how to preserve a personalized type of medical care in the face of all the forces that tend to depersonalize it." One plan for which he has high hopes is to develop the practice of "family medicine" itself into a specialty. Pilot programs to do this are beginning, with A.M.A. backing, at Johns Hopkins, Indiana, Kansas and Northwestern. The question is not one of increasing the number of either specialists or "generalists" at the expense of the other. Dr. Darley holds: "We have to have more of both, because the increasing body of medical knowledge has to be broken down into learnable parts. I know it sounds paradoxical, but training the general family doctor to take care of patients as individuals, in their particular family and social settings, represents the ultimate in specialism."

Serious Crisis. None of the panaceas proposed by self-appointed healers of the medical profession offer much hope. Mechanization and automation with punch cards and computer diagnoses might help a physician to treat more patients, but not the way they want to be treated. Crash programs for research intensify the problem. Dr. Joseph C. Hinsey, a former dean (Cornell) and now director of the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, points out that proposals to appropriate billions for research may dry up the supply of physicians to apply the research findings—because the men siphoned off into "pure" laboratory work would otherwise be in medical schools and combining research with the teaching of future doctors.

Experimental programs to shorten the time between high school and shingle from nine to seven years are under way at the University of Vermont, Johns Hopkins and Northwestern. If such plans work well enough to be widely adopted, they should make preparation for the career of medicine less onerous and therefore more attractive. But nothing can be accomplished overnight or by fiat.

The needs of the times add up to an ominous challenge. "The crisis we are approaching," says Dr. Darley, "is the most serious that medical education has faced since the Flexner Report."

SPORT

Struggle at Wimbledon

For two long and bitter days they slugged it out, smashing serves with unladylike power, skirmishing boldly at the net, fighting off the cramps of fatigue and responding to mounting pressure by simply getting tougher. When the battle was over at Wimbledon last week, the British girls had outlasted the Americans, 4-3, and won the Wightman Cup, but not before players on both teams had produced a caliber of tennis that was unmatched in years for sustained drama.

The excitement began building with the very first match. San Diego's petite Karen Hantze, 17, was within one game of upsetting Ann Haydon when she began overhitting in her eagerness, eventually lost 2-6, 11-0, 6-1. Then Darlene Hard, a power-hitting ex-waitress from Montebello, Calif., increased the tension by coming from behind for a 4-6, 6-3, 6-4 victory over Britain's 6-ft. Christine Truman. When Darlene and Karen needed just 45 minutes to humiliate Ann Haydon and Angela Mortimer in the doubles, 6-0, 6-0, the U.S. seemed well in command of play.

On the final day, with the U.S. leading 3-2, the cup appeared won when U.S. Team Captain Janet Hopps took the first set 8-6 from Angela Mortimer, led 4-2 in the second set. But the British girl pulled herself together just as the American was racked with an attack of cramps. Angela ran off nine games in a row to win 6-8, 6-4, 6-1, tie the score at 3-3, and put the cup up to a final match of doubles between Janet Hopps and Dorothy Head Knode for the U.S. and Christine Truman and Shirley Bloomer Brasher for Britain.

The seesaw match paled anything that had gone before. The Americans ripped off four quick games; the British girls fought back to take six in a row and the set, 6-4. In the second set, the Americans won the first three games, only to have



BRITISH WIGHTMAN CUP WINNERS[®]
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Associated Press

the British rally again to take the lead. Five times the Americans fought off match point. It was well past 8 p.m. when the final shot gave the British the set, 9-7, the match and the Wightman Cup, a rose-filled newsgag that had been tethered by a rope on a windswept sideline during the two days of struggle.

Surprise in the Stretch

At the start the cocky little man got a strong hold on his mount, then looked over the field. One glance told Jockey Bill Hartack, 27, that no horse was as full of running as his Celtic Ash. So Hartack coolly held his little-known colt in last place and let Eddie Arcaro on Venetian Way and Willie Shoemaker on Tompion fight for the lead in the \$150,000 Belmont

Stakes last week at Belmont Park, L.I.

Going into the far turn, Arcaro and Shoemaker were still riding neck and neck when Shoemaker shouted a warning: "Here comes Disperse!" But the horse that was coming—and coming fast—was not Disperse but Celtic Ash. Moving into the stretch, Hartack took Celtic Ash to the outside, and then simply let him go. Said Arcaro later: "That was the first I had seen of that pair. They went by awful fast." Celtic Ash ran the legs off both Venetian Way and Tompion to win by 5 1/2 lengths.

For Hartack, the upset was especially sweet. After winning the Kentucky Derby on Venetian Way, he had been publicly blasted by Venetian Way's trainer and fired as the horse's rider for finishing a poor fifth in the Preakness to Bally Ache (who missed the Belmont with a swollen foot). Owned by a retired Boston banker named Joseph O'Connell, the English-bred Celtic Ash had trained for more than a year for the 1 1/4-mile grind of the Belmont, paid off its backers at 8 to 1. Said Jockey Hartack: "He sure was dying to run."

Old Man of the Sierra

By now he must be close to 80, but he will not admit it. Only his blue eyes tip off his age: occasionally they betray him by watering. But Norman Clyde still has a face that is unlined and a handclasp that can crumple knuckles. Square and solid, he still can carry a 120-lb. pack by the hour with his bent-knee shuffle. And he still knows more than any other man alive about the wilds and wonders of the Sierra Nevada, the giant wall of granite that links Nevada and California with some of the most rugged peaks on the continent.

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CELTIC ASH & HARTACK WINNING THE BELMONT
"They went by awful fast."

The New York Times

* Haydon, Mortimer, Captain Bea Walter, Brasher, Pat Ward, Truman



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sportsmen, Norman Clyde is close kin to the West's lonely mountain men of the 19th century, trail blazers who had the curiosity, the courage and the craft to discover what lay beyond the next peak. He works as a guide only long enough to finance his own expeditions, and he can exist for months at a stretch in the Sierra. His towering pack makes him self-sufficient. Not only does it contain such essentials as dehydrated food and a three-quarter ax, but also shoe nails and a cobbler's hammer, material to patch his pants, cameras, prepared bread mix for frying fish, and, to while away the twilight hours, copies of such classics as Cervantes in Spanish and Molière in French. Says a Sierra guide: "We call him the pack that walks like a man."

"A Buzzing Sound." What is more, Clyde is a self-trained naturalist who contributes scientific reports to the California Academy of Sciences, a pathfinder who has saved stranded motorists by skiing through blizzards with food strapped to his broad back. He is so accurate with a slingshot that he rarely has to resort to his .22-cal. pistol to kill small game. He scoffs at the idea of riding an animal up a mountain: "I can carry a damn mule faster than he can carry me."

Clyde's record as a climber is monumental: he has topped 36 peaks in 36 days, made at least 200 first ascents, and allows with pebble-scuffing modesty that he has scaled the 14,495-ft. Mount Whitney "about 50 times, anyway." Sums up a mountaineering colleague: "Clyde has brought down more corpses, found more airplane wrecks, and climbed more peaks than any other man in the Sierra."

When search parties set out after a lost climber, Clyde usually hunts by himself, preferring to rely on his own knowledge of his mountains. In the early '30s, he started after a lost lawyer by guessing that he would have headed for the highest minaret in the area. Coming upon a pile of rocks of the sort climbers erect as trail markers, Clyde found fresh grass underneath. Clyde reasoned that the missing lawyer had recently built the pile, had probably already climbed and descended the highest minaret. "Then I figured he would try the second-highest minaret," recalls Clyde. "But I couldn't find anything there, not even footprints. Then I heard a buzzing sound above me and looked up, and there was a swarm of blueflies. The body was up there on a ledge."

"First Your Hat . . ." Mountain Man Clyde took the long way around getting to be top climber in the Sierra. Son of a Presbyterian minister in Philadelphia, he graduated as a classics scholar from Pennsylvania's Geneva College, but in 1909 he was lured to California by the writings of Naturalist John Muir. Clyde put in a dozen restless years teaching school, then quit and took to the Sierra for good.

Last week, as the Sierra warmed under the June sun, Norman Clyde was getting ready to leave his winter base in a run-down ranch house outside Big Pine, Calif., and head once again for the uplands. Despite his years, he plans to roam the Sierra



William Blanchard

MOUNTAINEER CLYDE

"The pack that walks like a man."

indefinitely. He accepts the idea that some day he may fall. He has tumbled twice in the past, lacerating a hand each time, and has chilling knowledge of what can happen to a man who makes a mistake in the mountains: "You usually go end over end, faster all the time. First you throw your hat. Then your knapsack. Then your clothing." The prospect does not faze the old man of the Sierra.

Scoreboard

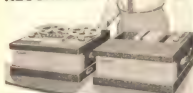
¶ Three times before Sugar Ray Robinson had won back his middleweight championship in rematches, but the greatest craftsman of his day was only a floundering 40-year-old as he tried to regain the comic-opera title of New York and Massachusetts from a pug named Paul Pender. After losing a split decision in Boston, even the Sugar seemed to feel he was finished: "I just didn't have what it takes. I didn't do nothing. I lost."

¶ Reviled by home-town sportswriters and nerve weary with defeat, Manager Billy Jurges first was ordered by doctors to take an extended rest, then was fired by the last-place Boston Red Sox. Jurges' successor: Pinky Higgins, the old Detroit Tiger third baseman, who managed the Red Sox from 1955 until last July, when he was yanked off the job with the club wallowing in last place and made a special assistant to Owner Tom Yawkey.

¶ A six-time winner of the event, Ellis Knowles, 73, turned the rare golfing trick of shooting a lower score than his age when he came home with a round of 72, had another of 73 to finish a creditable third in the overall standings of the U.S. Senior Golf Association championship in his home town of Rye, N.Y. The winner: California's 57-year-old John Dawson, who took his third straight title with a two-round total of 141.

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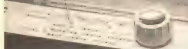
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Power of Positive Thinking. In Jacksonville, several hours after the Riverside Chevrolet Co. launched a sales campaign with the advertisement, "Look for It! Something Big Is Going to Happen!", its showroom ceiling collapsed on six new cars.

Man Trap. In London, a classified advertisement in the *Times* announced: "Reasonably domesticated young lady of good education sought for very easy housekeeping and secretarial job, mid-Wales; salary: one gentleman."

Scout's Honor. In Milwaukee, after receiving complaints of nondelivery from office colleagues to whom he had sold 48 boxes of Girl Scout cookies, Richard Polcyn checked with his daughter, Naomi 12, was told: "Oh, I forgot to tell you, I quit the Scouts."

Eminent Domain. In Pesqueira, Brazil, Landlord João Francisco da Silva was locked up for nonpayment of property taxes on the city jailhouse, which he owns.

Happy Daze. In Los Angeles, while circulating a petition for the draft-Stevenson drive, Paul E. Winfield was told enthusiastically by an elderly signer, "I voted for Stevenson the last two times, and things have been going so well I'm going to vote for him again."

Bark Is Worse. In Auburn, Me., after being told by an angry motorcyclist that a dog had bitten his tire, Policeman Robert Vaillancourt investigated, pigeonholed the complaint when he discovered that the dog was toothless.

Freudian Slip. In Dallas, on a final exam, a Southern Methodist University coed misspelled a word but otherwise correctly identified the fifth precept of Buddhism: "Do not be unchased."

Rubber Robber. In Charleston, S.C., after finding no money in the cashbox of the Southern Seat Cover Co., a thief made off with five checks—all of which had been returned because they were uncollectable.

Go for Broke. In Hamilton, Ont., while demonstrating the safety features of the Go-Scouter in a local shopping center, Vice President Clayton St. Louis of the Hamilton Go-Scouters Association wheeled into a guard rail fell down a 12-ft. embankment, suffered two broken legs.

We Wuz Robbed. Near La Grange, Ky., after finding \$200 in cash and other belongings missing when they returned to their padlocked locker room following a game with the Kentucky State Reformatory baseball team, the visiting Fort Knox nine was told by Deputy Warden Porter Lady, "A lock doesn't mean much to some of our boys."

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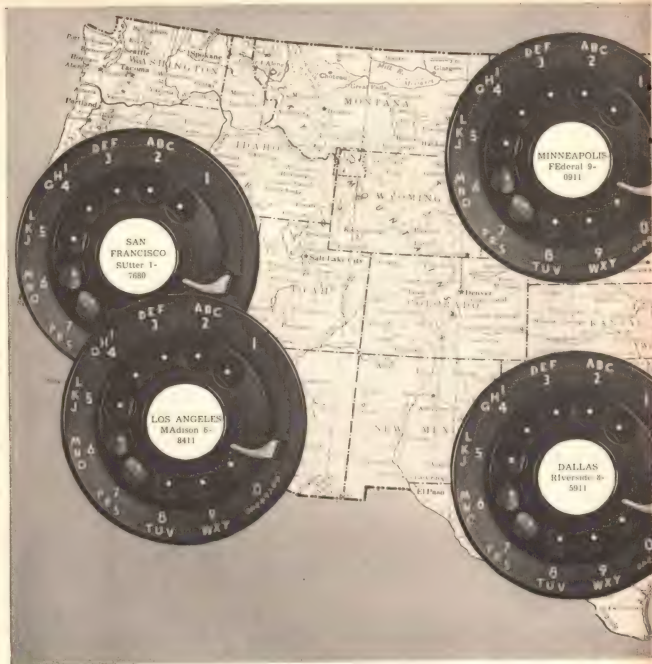
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ART



HORRORS AT THE MARTHA JACKSON GALLERY

Here Today . . .

Manhattan's lively Martha Jackson Gallery could think of no satisfactory title for its new show, and so in its press release on the event last week, it tactfully announced: "We invite the press to name this new art form for us." The press was at a loss too, for much of the "new art form" is a bewildering jumble of horrors: tortured junk and bric-a-brac, flattened tin cans and old clothes, or simply an old chair with its innards ripped out.

According to the more uninhibited of the new media boys, there is not much future any more to using only such old-

fashioned tools as brush, chisel or paint. They find their tradition in the burlap bag "paintings" of Italy's Alberto Burri, the childlike deformations of France's Jean Dubuffet, and the once shocking collages of Germany's late Kurt Schwitters. Last week these Old Masters were duly represented by Martha Jackson in a special "historical section." The rest of the gallery was given over to the new.

The Traditionalist. At the entrance stands a creation by Robert Rauschenberg—an old crate that rests on a post embedded in a sofa pillow and covered with bits of photographs and newspapers, crowned with a stuffed rooster and wired

to light up like a juke box every few seconds. But at 34, Rauschenberg already finds that "I now run the risk of being an extremely traditional painter compared to the young people." Just as Rauschenberg lets his "paintings" grow into environment, the newcomers seem to be trying to suck the environment in.

George Brecht, 30, of Greenwich Village has produced a *Medicine Chest* which is just what the title says it is—a medicine chest whose contents the viewer can rearrange and sniff at will, thus in theory entering into the artist's special world. Irving Kriesberg's *Lovers XI 1957* is a double frame of moving panels that the viewer can change and thereby create "paintings" of his own. To make *Grand-maw's Boy*, Allan Kaprow, 32, produced a collage of worn pieces of cloth that were glued next to the fading photograph of a boy. The old cloth and the dated colors that a grandmother might well have picked for a slipcover or dress evoke the proper mood, even though they may puzzle the mind.

The Materialists. The new wave scours the nation's rubbish heaps, junk piles and beaches to find its materials, for the ingredients of art are supposed to lie anywhere, if only the eye is gifted enough to see. One artist found himself well supplied with old beams when his house was torn down. A favorite smock that has become too worn to wear can be dipped in glue and hurled against a door, and a generous helping of red paint mixed with bucket, cans and surgical gauze produces a grizzly montage called *Capa Canaveral*. But the show also has surprises of another sort. A 24-year-old Englishman named Anthony Magar has used burned and stained wood, stitched canvas and pounded metal to create a big picture that is as pleasing as an autumn landscape seen from the sky.

Will all this last? Critics can for once be definite. Whatever their artistic merits, "paintings" made out of coffee grounds, torn nylons and bits of paper are automatically stamped—PERISHABLE.

A LEGACY OF LAUGHTER

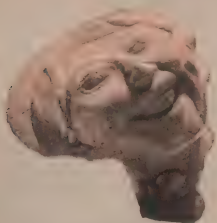
OF the ancient cultures that arose in Mexico long before the time of Columbus, the Maya is the most renowned. But in the last decade scholars have become increasingly entranced by the people who once lived around the village of Remojadas near the modern seaport of Veracruz. In speaking of these people, archaeologists use the phrase "the smiling-face complex," for almost every clay figure that is unearthed adds to a growing gallery of grins, chuckles, chortles and belly laughs. A new book called *More Human Than Divine*, published in both Spanish and English by the National University of Mexico, tells in print about the laughing people of Remojadas for the first time. Its author: William Philip Spratling, 59, the New York-born architect who settled in Taxco in 1929, opened a silversmith shop, in time became a sort of legend as the man who revived in Taxco the proud craftsmanship of the past.

The people Spratling writes about flourished in their amiable fashion between 200 B.C. and the 7th century. Like their neighbors, they worshipped the great god Quetzalcoatl, "Precious Serpent," the lord of wind and sky. And they created in red clay their share of legendary jaguars, frogs,

bats and monsters, as well as an array of dolls, whistles and little animals on wheels. But legends and gods, or even toys, were never their primary concern. No people have ever seemed quite so determined to record themselves in the joyful act of just being alive.

They had their vanities: rarely does a headdress, the embroidery on a skirt, or the design of an arm band appear more than once. The small figures gather at carnivals, dance through the night. Even a venerable magistrate, his robes of office wrapped about him, cannot suppress his mirth. A housewife tilts back her head and breaks into a toothy grin. A girl smiles with obvious pleasure, perhaps because of a new and unusual spit curl. A boy swings wide his arms in innocent merriment, while another brings a tiny hand to his lips as if trying to hush his own irrepressible giggles.

With the slow decline of the great Mayan Empire, the lesser kingdoms of ancient Mexico were free to begin fighting in earnest among themselves. What happened to the people of Remojadas—whether they were conquered or became tribute payers to a succession of aggressors—no one knows. All that is known is that gradually the laughter ceased.



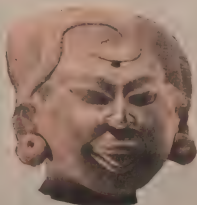
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The New Pictures

The Subterraneans (Arthur Freed; M-G-M). The bushy-bearded Beat Generation is a collective hair farm that the average solid citizen does not dig. Nevertheless, in this picture, which bears about as much relation to Jack Kerouac's novel as Hollywood does to Endsville, Producer Arthur Freed attempts to sell the beatniks back to the mass culture they are desperately and often comically trying to escape. He shaves them down, scrubs them up and presents them, in deadly earnest, as pioneers in the great American tradition, as "The Young Bohemians . . . the makers of the future." Unhappily, the notion is so translucently ludicrous and the picture so poorly put together that in box-office terms all this cold-water flattery will probably get the moviemakers nowhere.

The story is set in San Francisco, the holy city of hip, and describes how a young cube (George Peppard), who lives with his ever-loving mother and writes nothing novels, sees something sweet where the beat meet to eat. In the book she is a pretty Negro, but in the film she is Leslie Caron. "I want every bit of life," he announces. So they go to her pad and really make the scene, and in the morning he drives her over to see her analyst. Soon they are sharing the same toothbrush, but he wants to write, and one night he flops off to somebody else's pad. She flips but good, and goes anking down the main drag with nothing on but her epidermis. In the end, though, she announces that she is pregnant, and he promises to marry her, get a job, straighten up and fly right back to bourgeois respectability.

In short the film is basically just a remake of *La Bohème* with a happy ending and bop instead of Puccini. And though it is at no time authentically beat, it has one thing in common with the beats: dullness.

The Mountain Road (William Goetz; Columbia) allows James Stewart, as a U.S. Army major* wrestling with his first command, to explore the proposition that power not only corrupts, but embarrasses, confuses and dismays. The casting is logical, since durable Actor Stewart has grown wealthy by relentlessly registering embarrassment, confusion and dismay on the screen. Major Stewart's predicament in the film is more serious than usual. It is 1944, his seven-man demolition team is the last garrison of an airfield in southeast China, and the Japanese are advancing 40 miles away. Radioed orders pass the buck; the major may withdraw his men by plane, or blow up the airfield and retreat west by truck, destroying the area's only road behind him.

Aviation is clearly the better part of valor, but Stewart chooses the hard way. The demolition unit touches off the field and moves out with four trucks, a quantity of dynamite and—combat veterans will relish the realism here—a beautiful Chinese refugee girl. As they rumble through menacing mountain country (ably portrayed by a forbidding chunk of Arizona), Stewart shambles, stammers, scuffs his feet and advises the girl (played by Lisa Lu, a onetime Honolulu *Advertiser* reporter) that he finds China baffling. The

© In real life, Brigadier General Stewart, U.S.A.F. Reserve.



LAUNDERED BEATNIKS IN "THE SUBTERRANEANS"
Not so hairy but just as dull.

girl, a Radcliffe graduate, replies with a not particularly scrutable line, possibly cribbed from Philosophy 1: "There are too many of us for mercy."

At first, although the character of the Chinese remains as opaque as egg foo yung to him, the major handles his command well enough. When a bridge must be blown up he blows it, although the action strands thousands of refugees. Eventually the girl leaves him, though she loves him. In an overexplicit curtain speech, Stewart says contritely that he has learned the bitter lesson of power.

What psychological sense the film retains from the Theodore White novel of the same name is waterlogged, if not drowned, by too much hokum and hand-wringing. The best moments are those in which the enlisted men, having no heroics to perform, slouch about coated with dust and disgust.

Bells Are Ringing (Arthur Freed: M-G-M). In this \$3,000,000 Metrocolored musical based on her Broadway boff of 1956, Judy Holliday employs her limited vocal resources with showmanly style, supports them with a comic gift that is a major wonder of the entertainment world and with some skillful assistance from Director Vincente (Gigi) Minnelli manages to jog and jazz and jigger a merely middling book and some fairly forgettable tunes into one of the year's liveliest and wittiest cinemusicals.

Judy plays a switchboard spinster who works for an outfit called Susanswerphone, and lives by listening in—and sometimes hornning in—on the lives of the company's clients. When destiny turns a deaf ear, Judy listens to the troubles (and the tunes) of a desperate dentist who aspires to be a songwriter and composes ("I love your sunny teeth") on his air hose. But she bestows her most tender loving care on "Plaza oh double four double three (Dean Martin), a playboy playwright. Operator Holliday eventually makes a person-to-person connection, and after several sorts of trouble with the vice squad (the detectives want to know what sort of calls Susanswerphone answers) manages to deliver the message ("I love you") and get a return ring.

The beauty of Judy Holliday's talent lies not least in her meticulous control of it. She knows her type to a tee-hue, and she is never for an instant out of character. Actually, she plays two characters at once: 1) Dumb Dora, the sort of sweet schlemiel who continually falls on her face but always comes up covered with roses, and 2) Dora's diabolical double, a cute cookie who secretly prearranges the roses and from time to time winks wickedly at the audience. She plays both parts brilliantly in *Bells*, especially in the brief blackout that describes a disastrous blind date. In a rapid succession of hilarious Freudian slips, Judy bends the young man's cigarette to a limp parabola, splatters his drink on his lap, butts him with her head and finally, as she brushes by a blazing dish of crepes suzette, goes up in flames.

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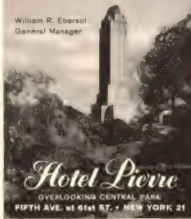
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RELIGION

The Cardinal & the Elections

A slight, dark Italian prelate arrived in Manhattan without publicity, journeyed to South Bend, Ind. to receive an honorary LL.D. from Notre Dame (at the same time that Ike got his), then visited Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington last week before taking off for Brazil. Everywhere he met U.S. cardinals and top members of the hierarchy; his reception ranged from Boston's outdoor banners and hi-fied hymns to a dinner given for him in Washington by the Most Rev. Egidio Vagnozzi, apostolic delegate to the U.S. The visitor: Giovanni Battista Cardinal Montini, 62, Archbishop of Milan, one of the most influential cardinals, whose trip (according to Vatican reports) was partly connected with the U.S. elections.

Among Montini's tasks in the U.S., went the Vatican talk, was to reassure the U.S. hierarchy that the recent editorial in *L'Osservatore Romano* (TIME, May 30), telling Catholics that the church "has the duty and the right" to instruct them on how to vote, did not really apply to the U.S., where Marxism is not an election issue. Vatican satisfaction with Roman Catholicism's growth of influence and acceptance in the U.S. seems to have been dampened by the possibility that Catholic Jack Kennedy's candidacy might provoke anti-Catholic sentiments. The Vatican would not like to see Kennedy become another Al Smith. As one Holy See official put it: "The Vatican thinks in long-range terms. It would rather wait another generation, if necessary, and see a Catholic President happily elevated to the presidency than have him installed sooner amidst a political and religious furor."

Evidently to avoid any chance of "furor" last week, there was a significant

omission from the guest list at Apostolic Delegate Vagnozzi's dinner. Though it included Democratic Senators Thomas Dodd and John Pastore, as well as Democratic Representatives Peter Rodino Jr. and John Rooney, absent was Senator John F. Kennedy.

Excommunication in Moscow

The tough, bulletheaded little atheist who calls on God to witness that his hands are clean and his heart is pure has recently been giving the church in Russia a hard time. A more flexible kind of anti-Christian than Stalin, Khrushchev put new life into Russian atheism, began recruiting renegade churchmen instead of party hacks to wean Russians away from the temptations of religion.

K. has good reason to be concerned. Members of the World Council of Churches delegation who visited Russia last Christmas were astonished to find religious life open and active, and the outward signs of material support thoroughly visible (priests are paid mostly from church collections). Reported one delegate: "We saw people putting 25-ruble notes in the collection plate. In major cities the priests earn between 4,000 and 6,000 rubles a month—equal to the pay of a university lecturer. Some of them drive ZIMs. The churches are in beautiful shape."

Religion is by no means limited to oldsters: Russian Orthodoxy's two theological academies and eight seminaries receive about 1,000 new students each year—almost more than they can cope with—and many young members of the Communist Party are electing to be married in church and have their children baptized. (The government's answer is to set up more and more plush secular "wedding palaces.")



MOSCOW'S ALEXEI
Strikingly present: signs of strength.

Western churchmen last week had striking new evidence that Moscow's Patriarch Alexei has far more leverage against the government—and willingness to use it—than most Westerners realize. The latest issue of the *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate* carries the terse announcement that the Holy Synod has excommunicated a prominent professor of theology at Leningrad Theological Academy, Archpriest Alexander Ossipov, as well as Archpriest Paul Darmansky, Father Nicolai Spassky, and "other servants of the Church" for having "publicly blasphemed the Name of God" and having "published against their church articles or pamphlets issued by newspapers and the atheist press in the U.S.S.R." (i.e., *Pravda* and *Izvestia*). The important point: although the Russian Orthodox Church often seems totally subservient to the government, it now feels strong enough to excommunicate priests simply for preaching Communism.

The Moscow Patriarchate had its hand strengthened in the U.S. last week by a unanimous Supreme Court decision that Manhattan's Orthodox St. Nicholas Cathedral, completed in 1903 as the seat of Russian Orthodoxy in North America, should be returned to the control of the Russian hierarchy. In 1924 a majority of Russian Orthodox parishes in the U.S. seceded from the Moscow Patriarchate on the ground that it was a tool of the Communist state and in 1945 the schismatic group, known as the Metropolitan District, won a suit in the New York Court of Appeals to take over the cathedral.

Last week's ruling was the Supreme Court's second reversal of the original New York finding in favor of the schismatics, established a strong precedent restricting U.S. state or federal courts from interfering in a hierarchy's control of church property, regardless of the desires of the church membership.

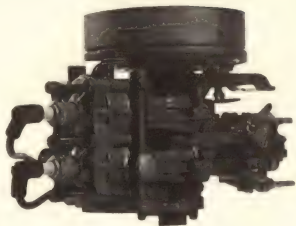


MILAN'S MONTINI (LEFT) & BOSTON'S CUSHING
Significantly missing from the guest list: Layman John Kennedy.



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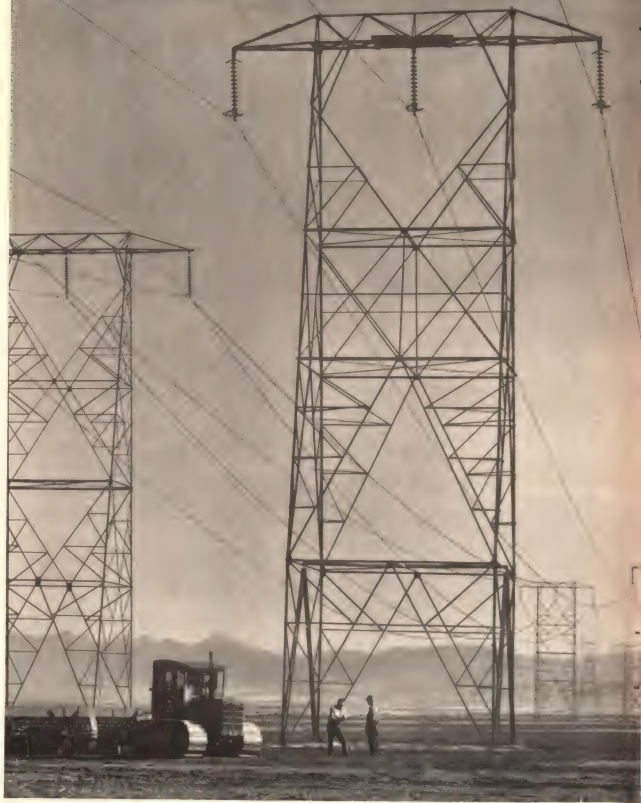
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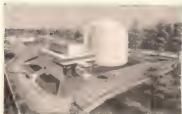
Today a reactor of each type is being installed in a central power station under AEC programs. A Sodium

Graphite Reactor producing 75,000 KW is being installed at Hallam, Nebraska. An Organic Power Reactor of 12,500 KW capacity is being built in Piqua, Ohio. These are true atomic power plants—among the first large-scale applications of the peaceful atom for the benefit of mankind.

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Meanwhile A.I. is developing a third type of reactor known as the Advanced Epithermal Thorium Reactor. This project was undertaken for a group of private utilities, the Southwest Atomic Energy Associates, intent on making advances in the atomic field. Indeed, it is becoming apparent to utility companies everywhere that their ability to meet tomorrow's power requirements depends on the steps they are taking today in the nuclear field.

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BUSINESS

WALL STREET

Biggest Rally

The stock market last week made the biggest one-week rally in its history, rolling up a spectacular gain of 25.00 on the Dow-Jones industrial average. The market advanced steadily through the week, was turned back slightly at week's end by profit taking after the sixth successive rise. It ended the week at 654.88 on the industrial average, highest since Jan. 15, adding nearly \$10 billion to the value of stocks on the exchange. The business picture had changed little, but Wall Street's psychological mood had obviously changed, and the bulls roamed the Street with little resistance.

All this was embarrassing to the Dow theorists and to others who had been predicting a big bear market. They had based their predictions on the fact that the industrial average in February broke through its previous low and had been followed by the rails breaking through their lows, the theorists' signal for a bear market. But last week the industrials rose through their previous resistance level of 636-638, and the rails came within an inch of rising through their previous high of 146.56. If they break through, the chartists will be ready to concede that the present "bear" market is over.

The big institutions and mutual funds were coming back into the market in force, giving the hitherto neglected blue chips a handsome advance, along with the glamour stocks. But not all stocks were going up, and the 30 stocks in the Dow-Jones average did not accurately reflect the fate of many depressed stocks that are still down. Even during last week there was a sizable number of new lows for the year. Many traders believe that before the market can sustain its advance, more stocks will have to participate in the rise, and new highs will have to outnumber new lows by a bigger margin. If this happens, says Walston & Co.'s Edmund Tabell, "the market could become very bullish"—and the next objective could well be 750 for the industrial average.



PILOT UNION BOSS SAYEN
Three can be a crowd.

AVIATION

The Coveted Seat

An Eastern Air Lines pilot called in one day last week to say that the plumbing in his house was leaking and he had to stay home to fix it. Another rang up to say that his garage door was jammed and he could not get to work. Yet another said he had a backache. Whatever their expressed reasons for not going to work, Eastern Air Lines pilots crippled the nation's third largest airline last week.

Behind all the flimsy excuses is the fight of President Clarence N. Sayen of the Air Line Pilots Association against Federal Aviation Agency Boss Elwood ("Pete") Quesada. Ever since Quesada took over the agency last year, he has cracked down on sloppy flying, particularly in jets, told his inspectors in planes to keep a sharp eye out for violators. A.L.P.A. President Clarence Sayen fought

back, accused FAA inspectors of endangering lives through "petty, ridiculous harassment of flight crews." He even tried to have FAA funds earmarked for inspector training shifted to other uses. Says he: "It is a foolish waste of public money. Pete Quesada just lacks understanding of the overall problem—and that makes him dangerous."

Job Protection. The point of dispute is where the flight inspectors should sit. Directly behind the captain's seat in the cockpits of DC-8s and Boeing 707s is the forward observer's seat. The FAA maintains that its inspectors must use this seat in order to observe the crew properly. But for A.L.P.A. this seat has a special significance. Last year after bitter wrangling with the airlines, A.L.P.A. got the right to have a third pilot sit in this seat on American, TWA, Eastern and Pan American jet planes; it was the union's way of ensuring that jobs for pilots do not decrease too drastically as the swifter, larger jets cut down the number of individual flights. A.L.P.A. does not want to see the third pilot replaced even temporarily by an inspector, for fear it might weaken the union's argument that a third pilot is essential to the safe operation of the jetliners. But the FAA believes that two pilots are sufficient for safe operation. Quesada says that the third pilot is simply a union-management agreement "of little or no concern to us."

The first flare-up in the latest round started at Miami International Airport. There Eastern Air Lines Captain H. O. Hudgins was preparing for jet flight 600 when he learned that a FAA inspector would be aboard. Following his latest A.L.P.A. instructions, Hudgins refused to take off. Other Eastern pilots followed suit. Soon three flights were canceled.

Emergency Regulation. To avert more cancellations, Eastern went to a federal court in Miami, got a temporary restraining order requiring Eastern pilots to give the forward observer's seat to FAA inspectors. Quesada, stung by what he termed A.L.P.A.'s "arrogant defiance of the Government," rushed through an

TIME CLOCK

1961 MERCURY will be reduced to Ford size, sell at Ford prices. New Mercury will be built on a Ford body shell but have its own styling. Ford follows lead of Dodge Dart, which is built on a Plymouth chassis, is now Chrysler's best-selling car.

U.S. WILL SPEND \$2.9 billion in road building during fiscal year starting July 1, about \$173 million more than last year, owing to increased revenues from federal gasoline tax.

AIR-MAIL SWITCH of military mail between Europe and U.S. will be made from Military Air Transport Service

to American commercial airlines. Move will bring lines about \$4.7 million more annually, is first in planned series to turn more of MATS business over to civilian carriers.

U.S. GOLD LOSS, which at one time reached \$2.3 billion a year, is down to trillion. First quarter nation lost only \$50 million, lowest since drain started in 1959, as exports rose and foreigners invested cash in U.S. in high-interest government notes.

ADDIS ABABA HILTON will be built in the Ethiopian capital for government and operated by Hilton ho-

tels. Air-conditioned 250-room hotel will cost \$4,900,000, is scheduled for completion in 1962.

VOLKSWAGEN SALES in first quarter were 68% higher than same period last year. West German-made car now accounts for 29% of total foreign-car sales in U.S.

INVESTMENTS IN CHILE of \$250 million over next four years are being planned by Anaconda and Kennecott copper companies. Since copper production helps finance government's expenses, the money will aid in restoring Chile's earthquake-damaged economy.



COMMER CARAVAN

emergency Civil Air Regulation, requiring the forward observer's seat to be turned over to FAA inspectors. For pilots who balk, Old Pilot Quesada laid down the penalty that hurts most—suspension of a pilot's license. Rather than disobey the court order and the new FAA regulation, Eastern pilots effectively grounded the flights by not showing up.

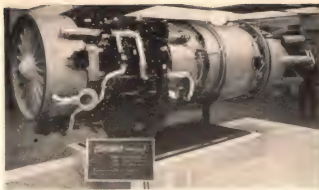
Although Sayen disclaims any responsibility for the stay-away strike of Eastern pilots, he still refused to withdraw A.L.P.A.'s advice to pilots on TWA, American and Pan American not to fly this week if the FAA inspector demands the forward observer's seat.

STATE OF BUSINESS

Through the Barrier

Employment, the most worrisome statistic of the U.S. economy, is showing marked improvement. In May, 1,049,000 found jobs, a better-than-seasonal rise that brought total employment to 67,203,000, reported the Labor Department this week. Unemployment dropped seasonally by 201,000—to 3,459,000—pushing the number of unemployed in the U.S. work force below the 5% barrier (to 4.6%) for the first time in a year. Even more encouraging, the chronic rose spot of unemployment—those jobless for 15 weeks or more—fell 300,000 to about 900,000 in May; nearly half of those now seeking work have been out of jobs less than five weeks. Matched with these heartening employment statistics was an improvement in another important indicator: after slipping for the last few months as a result of cutbacks in production, the hours of work in manufacturing started upward in May.

Despite the continuance of worried talk about the future among businessmen, industry was scheduling outlays for plant and equipment at close to the high level predicted three months ago. With private spending in the first quarter at \$35 billion and plans for the rest of the year reduced only slightly, the Government announced



ROLLS-ROYCE JET ENGINE AT BRITISH EXHIBITION
Machinery was better than Scotch.

that it now expects 1960 plant and equipment expenditures to total \$36,800,000, vs. the \$37,016,000 earlier expected. That figure would be 14% above last year and close to 1957's alltime record of \$37 billion.

A surprising factor in the economic picture was an unexpected drop in retail sales. The Commerce Department reported that retail sales in May fell 3% from their April record of \$19.2 billion, a larger-than-usual drop for the month. The decline hit most major goods, including autos, though it took little of the gas out of Detroit's spring upsurge. May sales of more than 565,000 cars were nearly 7% above May of last year, represented the best daily-average selling rate (22,610) since September 1955. The industry is now running some 13% ahead of 1959's 80-80 year. Within the next fortnight, the U.S. auto industry expects to turn out its millionth compact of 1960.

There were also signs of a turnaround in steel. The industry last week scheduled a rise in production from 60.6% to 62.3% of capacity, the first increase in seven weeks and the highest one-week gain since December. Steelmen also heard some other good news: imports of steel in April, the Commerce Department reported, fell from 464,000 to 331,000 tons, while U.S. steel exports rose from 203,000 tons to 233,000 tons for the best exporting month since November 1958.

FOREIGN TRADE

The Princely Sales Pitch

Four trumpeters of Her Majesty's Royal Horse Guards blew a fourfold fanfare. Down green-carpeted steps in Manhattan's Coliseum walked Britain's Prince Philip past unicorns draped in silks and tartans. Quickly he got down to business, gave a suave but hard sell. "We hope you will find a lot of interesting things," said Philip, "and we hope you will want to own many of the things you see."

With that, Philip declared a 17-day British Exhibition open, took off with Vice President Richard Nixon and New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) for a chummy hour's tour of the show, trailed by admirers and the curious. Never before has Great Brit-



Ben Martin
FOX-HUNTING OUTFIT

ain staged such a large show abroad. It is twice as large as last year's Soviet exhibition in Manhattan (TIME, July 6, 1959). Along with a replica of a 17th century coffee house, where Lloyd's of London first began writing ship insurance, and an English pub, the exhibition has on display machinery and merchandise worth at least \$200 million. "Don't be misled by what looks like old-fashioned pomp and pageantry," said Prince Philip. "It is true, of course, that the plumbing in some of our older houses is not all that it might be, but that doesn't alter the fact that three out of every five gas turbines flying or on order in the entire Western world are British."

Export, or Else. Although Britain's economy is booming and exports last year reached a record \$9,676,800,000 (vs. \$6,317,000,000 in 1959), Britain faces serious dollar difficulties. Last winter the government relaxed the last major restrictions against dollar imports, and since then, British merchants have been buying from the U.S. at a record clip. In the first quarter of 1960, U.S. sales to Great Britain are up 61%. But British sales to the U.S. are up only 14%. Great Britain has opened a drive to increase sales to the U.S. to avert a return to the unpopular import restrictions.

To boost sales in the U.S., which last year passed the \$1 billion mark, Britain is depending principally on the tried and tested. On display is the Rolls-Royce Conway by-pass jet engine, already powering newer models of both the DC-8 and Boeing 707. Sales of nonaeratical machinery jumped last year to \$125 million, replacing Scotch as Britain's second largest export item to the U.S. Machinery manufacturers, trying harder than ever, were showing an extremely wide range of machines at the Coliseum from those that counted currency to those that made cigarettes.

Elegant & Expensive. Some of the merchandise is elegant and expensive. London Silversmith Gerald Benney, designer of the ciborium for Coventry's new



CARL INABAC

Troubleshooting Missileman

GEORGE MAVERICK BUNKER

IN the burgeoning missile industry, dominated by oldtime planemakers, George Maverick Bunker is a wingless newcomer. The chairman and chief executive of the Martin Co. (1959 sales: \$524 million), which produces more missiles for the U.S. Government than any other firm, he knew nothing about planes or missiles when he took over the company in 1952. But he did know how to deal with trouble—and he found plenty of trouble at Martin. The company had lost \$22 million in 1952, and its future looked even darker. Bunker put it into the air again by landing a lot of missile projects, including the Titan ICBM. With it, he also took on one of his biggest problems.

Last January, after the Titan had had so many failures that its future was in doubt, Bunker moved his headquarters from Baltimore to the missile headquarters in Denver and took over personal direction of the project. This week, after twelve Titan shots without a failure, the Air Force put its stamp of approval on the job Bunker did. It is ready to give Martin its first contract for a new Titan II, which will eventually bring the company another half billion in defense contracts. The Titan II will be bigger (110 ft. v. 98 ft. for Titan I), longer-ranging (10,000 miles v. 7,000) and more powerful (400,000 lbs. thrust v. 300,000). Most important, it will be the first U.S. ICBM to use storable liquid fuel. Instead of using -297.4° F. liquid oxygen, which can be kept in a missile only a short time, the Titan II will be fueled with a chemical mixture (main ingredient: hydrazine) that can be stored in the missile at near-ordinary temperatures, kept ready for firing for weeks.

BUNKER brushes off his achievement in Denver. But the fact is that the Titan program had grown so huge that it had no strong central guidance. Bunker consolidated three divisions into one, switched executives around, tightened up missile checking procedures. Says he: "If you burn your fingers lighting a match, you're going to be more careful next time, and that's all that happened here."

By a devious route, Bunker got into the airplane business. He got an engineering degree from M.I.T. during the Depression, took his first job with Campbell Soup Co. at 38¢ an hour, switched to

the Wilson meat-packing company as an engineer in 1934. After rising to chief engineer, he left to join Chicago's A.T. Kearney Co., a management engineering firm, moved on to become manufacturing vice president for Cincinnati's Kroger Co., in 1948 took over as president of Trailmobile. In two years, he doubled Trailmobile's sales to \$52 million, boosted the stock value 400%, sold the company to Pullman Inc. When investment bankers backing the Glenn L. Martin Co., the oldest U.S. plane manufacturer, decided that the ailing company needed new management, they sent in Bunker to take over from Founder Glenn Martin.

BUNKER'S biggest contribution to Martin was his early recognition that there was little future in planemaking, especially for Martin, which lagged well behind. He began to shift Martin into missiles and electronics ahead of most of the industry. He got a name around Washington as a man who knew how to land a contract—and the name was not always admiring. He picked up dozens of Government jobs (including the Mace, Bullpup, Lacrosse, Vanguard and Pershing missiles).

He became so adept at it that the Hebert congressional subcommittee investigating undue influence on Pentagon officials took a critical look at his methods, publicizing the fact that a roll call of Pentagon brass had gone on Martin-paid vacations to a plush Eleuthera Island resort in the Caribbean. Bunker's way of combatting the criticism: "I cannot conceive that anyone could possibly believe men of their caliber and responsibilities could be improperly influenced by playing golf with me on Eleuthera." Martin also came under heavy criticism for the early failures of the Vanguard missile, but has since put the three highest U.S. satellites into orbit.

Bunker still flies back to Washington once or twice a month to keep up contacts, mingles with VIPs over golf. An adventuresome fellow who has been married three times, he lives in the Denver suburbs with his present wife, still keeps a home in Washington. Besides his \$150,000 annual salary, he personally owns 73,741 shares of Martin stock worth \$3,281,475, the largest individually held block of stock. He works a straight nine-hour day, never takes work home with him, raises flowers and vegetables (his specialty: dwarf tomatoes). He still knows little about airplanes. He does not have to: this year Martin, which earned \$4.34 per share last year, will be out of the plane business entirely.

cathedral, offers a squat, modern tea service for \$1.080. Harry Hall Ltd., outfitters for sportsmen, has the latest fox-hunting outfit for men, including riding whip, for \$163. But many items are both stylish and moderately priced. For example, Wedgwood sells a five-piece setting of bone china for \$13.75.

Among the products new to the U.S. market: Coventry Climax's 45-h.p. outboard motor. Autos, Britain's chief export item to the U.S., which last year accounted for sales of \$275 million, are being hard hit by the U.S. compacts. To help offset the competition, some British automakers are concentrating on small vans that can be outfitted as land cruisers. Most eye-catching: Rootes Motors' Commer Caravan, a station wagon with stove, sink, bed that sleeps four, and a roof that pushes up to give 6 ft. of head room. Price: \$3,655.

RETAIL TRADE

Integration & Profits

Caught in the midst of the South's battle over integrating lunch counters. Southern store owners often fear that they will be boycotted by the Negroes if they do not integrate, boycotted by white customers if they do. Last week a report by the Southern Regional Council, an interracial group formed to promote better race relations, sought to calm at least one of their fears. Merchants in eight Southern cities that have desegregated their lunch counters—Austin, Corpus Christi, Dallas, San Antonio, Galveston; Nashville, Tenn.; Winston-Salem and Salisbury, N.C.—have suffered no financial harm. Said the report: "No store in the South which has opened its lunch counters to Negroes has reported a loss of business. Managers have reported business as usual or noted an increase. In contrast, reports from the change-resistant towns have indicated that business in some variety stores—key targets of the demonstrators—has fallen off by from 15% to as much as 65% in one store in Charlotte, N.C."

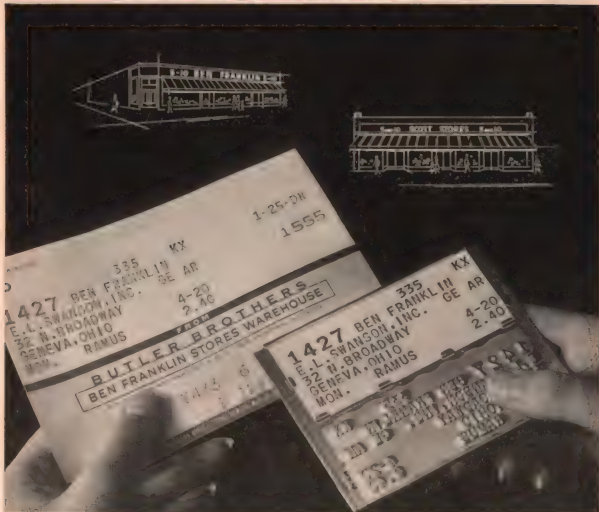
BUSINESS ABROAD

Brazil's Wild West

Americans have always dreamed of the great frontier, where the wind blows free—and land is cheap. Last week many a land-hungry U.S. citizen thought that he had found a frontier where land is so cheap that a few cents buys an acre. The new frontier is in Brazil, where a giant land development push is rivaling the rough days of the American West. Along with Brazilians, Japanese and Germans, hundreds of U.S. investors have bought cattle and coffee ranches, speculated heavily in still-uncleared jungle lands along the route of projected highways and railroads.

Spurred by Brazil's great push to develop its interior, 15 U.S. companies are peddling land in Brazil. Every month the U.S. embassy gets 100 letters of inquiry about land deals. A Georgia square-dance caller who wanted a plot of land wrote directly to U.S. Ambassador John M.

Another example of Addressograph-Multigraph cost-cutting



How Butler Brothers creates good "customer impressions"

Butler Brothers, large Chicago wholesale firm, is the sole supplier of merchandise to Ben Franklin and Scott Variety Stores throughout the country. Orders pour in daily to Butler warehouses for widely varied quantities and assortments.

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This is just one of many ways Addressograph Methods save time, cut costs and insure accuracy in business operations. Ask your nearby Addressograph office to demonstrate how they can do the same for your business, large or small. Or write Addressograph-Multigraph Corporation, Cleveland 17, Ohio.



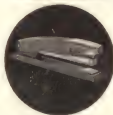
E. L. Swanson, owner of the Ben Franklin Store in Geneva, Ohio, has been dealing with Butler Bros. for over 21 years. He states: "I've always been pleased with the accuracy of their shipping and billing—never found any reason to complain." It's a typical customer impression created by Butler Brothers' efficient system.

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Cabot, promised, "If you help me out, kind sir, we'll build a barn and have a square dance that'll make all sit up and take notice. Free lessons for you and Mrs. Ambassador if you're willing."

Like any great speculation, the Brazilian boom has attracted its share of swindlers and shady companies. Convicted Texas Swindler Ben Jack Cage once promoted a land development company that is now in more reputable hands, has sold nearly 200,000 acres to Americans for more than \$1,000,000.

"Texas Ranches." The Rockefeller brothers own 40% of a 1,000,000-acre cattle ranch in the rich Mato Grosso (see map), which they operate jointly with Brazil's Ambassador to Washington Walter Moreira Salles.

Only 50 miles from Brazil's new \$500 million inland capital, Brasília (TIME, April 25), Singer Mary Martin and her husband Richard Halliday have a 1,200-acre ranch where they raise coffee, sugar and chickens. Says Broadway Producer Halliday: "The climate is the amazing thing. It has a steady temperature (about 72°) twelve months of the year." Cowboy Roy Rogers recently bought 2,000 acres near Brasília. Says Rogers optimistically: "Land is dirt cheap there now, just like in the Old West. But in ten or 15 years it will be worth a fortune."

Many U.S. buyers have already done well on their Brazilian land speculations. Pan American Airways Vice President Humphrey Toomey bought 105 acres just outside Brasília for \$1,800 six months ago. Now he is selling it in quarter-acre lots, expects to get \$156,000. Land De-

veloper Mike Borman bought 36,000 acres northeast of Brasília for \$15,000 two years ago, is selling it off in 25-acre "Texas Ranches" for \$10 down and \$10 per month.

The impetus for the boom is the recent opening of Brasília and the continued growth of railways and highways in the interior under the sponsorship of Brazil's hurry-up President Juscelino Kubitschek. (His slogan: "Fifty years of progress in five.") Paved highways have increased from 6,000 miles to 10,000 miles in the past four years. Last week Kubitschek embarked on a new project: he ordered a 480-mile highway from Manaus to Porto Velho (see map), in the wild Amazonas state, to be built by 1961.

Dry-Gulched. There are also birds of prey at work. One woe-begotten speculator complained to the U.S. embassy in Rio that he had bought, from a group describing themselves as California missionaries, 2,000 eroded acres that proved to be a dirt road instead of a highway, and had a dry gulch in the middle instead of a gushing stream. The embassy warns all comers that titles held even by legitimate land development companies may be clouded, and that in the great growth areas of Mato Grosso or Goiás frequently a purchaser "must take possession and actively defend the title if he expects to retain effective control of his property." Mary Martin's husband adds: "It's best to go down and see what you're getting and be sure your agent is reliable."

For those willing to take the risk, rewards can be sizable, since Brazil has low capital-gains and inheritance taxes. With

TIME, JUNE 20, 1960

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a good superintendent on a salary or shares, a coffee, cacao, carnauba-wax plantation or cattle ranch can be made to pay for itself within six years.

Some of the boom areas:

¶ Northwest Paraná state, where Brazilian-born, Harvard-educated ('24), Alberto Byington bulldozed 1,000 miles of dirt roads on the 1,000,000-acre site that he received from the Brazilian government for building a railroad. Last year Byington sold \$1,000,000 worth of 60-acre sites for coffee farms at \$35 per acre.

¶ Northern Goiás state, opened up last year by the new highway between Brasília and Belém, is good for cattle raising, offers land for as low as 50¢ per acre.

¶ Southern Goiás, where land sells for \$10 to \$20 per acre, is good for cattle and many crops. It has many U.S. land-owners, a new railroad abuilding.

¶ Mato Grosso's southern Pantanal, flood-basin plains, is a first-class cattle country with miserable roads but improving rail service. Land there costs \$1.50 to \$2 per acre. In the northern Mato Grosso lands of Gleba Arinos (named for the adjoining river), a German-Brazilian family, incorporated as Coromali, is developing 750,000 acres, selling guaranteed titles for \$2 per acre. Coromali will also contract to clear, plant and administer ranches.

How solid is the boom? As solid as Brazil's future, say top government officials. In the past five years U.S. private investments in Brazil have doubled to more than \$1.4 billion. Brazil's real gross national product is increasing 10% a year and the nation's 65 million population is expected to swell to 100 million by 1975. Although there is wild inflation, land values have risen faster than the cruzeiro has depreciated.

ATOMIC ENERGY Roadblock to Progress

A major roadblock to the nation's private atomic power program was raised last week by the U.S. Court of Appeals. In a 2-to-1 opinion, the court ruled that the Atomic Energy Commission must suspend a "provisional" construction permit for an \$83 million, 100,000-kw. nuclear power plant near Monroe, Mich. because "it has not been positively established" that the plant can be operated safely. The AEC license to the Power Reactor Development Co., a combine of Detroit Edison Co., 17 other utilities and seven manufacturing firms—was challenged by a group of unions led by Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers. While they raised the issue of safety, their more important aim was to push the cause of public atomic power. Private-powermen say the unions want to force the plant to be shifted to a remoter area, where industry could not afford to build it, thus force the Government to do so.

The plant, on which AEC is spending only \$4,500,000 of the cost, has been under construction since 1956 and is scheduled to be completed this fall. It would be the first big U.S. plant with a fast-breeder reactor, the type most likely to



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THIS SPIDERY SPHERE, a bold home of tomorrow, perches high above glittering, sprawling Los Angeles. In *LIFE* this week, in 14 pages and fold-out cover, impressive color photographs by Ralph Crane show why L.A. is not any longer "many suburbs in search of a city." Rather it is a metropolis rapidly growing more cohesive and now expected to accommodate an increase of a whopping six million people in the next 20 years.



Also in LIFE this week: readers can learn what's behind the riots started by Japan's youth—in pictures by John Launois, words by John D. Rockefeller IV . . . see how both Johansson and Patterson are building up for their big bout . . . read articles on the National Purpose by Walter Lippmann and Defense Expert Albert Wohlstetter . . . meet the top new comic who seems to be in every movie coming out of Britain, mimic Peter Sellers.

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produce competitively cheap atomic power, since it produces more atom fuel than it consumes. At AEC hearings, a group of top scientists, led by Professor Hans A. Bethe of Cornell, testified that the plant could be operated without undue risk to the public. City officials of Monroe said they welcomed the plant. AEC is expected to appeal the three-man court's decision to a nine-man court of appeals or the U.S. Supreme Court.

REAL ESTATE

Texans in Hong Kong

In Hong Kong's New Government Building, the bidding session was tense and sweaty. For 2½ hours, interests from Hong Kong, England, Japan and from the U.S. (Pan American World Airways) maneuvered against each other in an effort to grasp the prize: 40,000 sq. ft. of the most valuable land in Hong Kong, smack in the middle of the city's bustling financial district. Suspense mounted until the 110th bid was made. Then, while little groups huddled together to see if they should raise their bids, the gavel banged down decisively. The winners, with a top bid of \$2,480,000: two Texas millionaires, Leo Francis Corrigan, a real estate wheeler-dealer, and Toddie Lee Wynne, whose pile comes from oil and real estate. Said Corrigan triumphantly: "The others had to spend so much time in conference that they lost out. We had complete authorization right with us."

Complete authorization means that Leo Corrigan, who flew to Hong Kong to oversee the bidding, is his own boss. He has built up a real estate empire worth more than \$500 million by buying up choice pieces of real estate and holding on to them. Corrigan still owns all but four of the 180 major real estate purchases he has made. He rarely takes on partners (Wynne is an old friend), will take complete charge of the Hong Kong property, give Wynne half the profits.

All-Glass Roof. On the property, site of the old Hong Kong parade ground, Corrigan and Wynne plan to build a luxurious, \$12 million, 25-story hotel to take advantage of Corrigan's drastic shortage of hotel space. The hotel will have 1,040 air-conditioned rooms, elevators and escalators, a shopping center and bazaar, a permanent exhibition hall, and an all-glass roof under which diners and dancers can gaze out upon one of the world's loveliest bays. The Texas partners hope to get back their investment in three to five years.

Leo Corrigan has built his fortune by getting back his investments from property, then putting them to work again. The son of an Irish immigrant family of eight, he quit school in St. Louis after the fifth grade to help with the family finances, got into real estate when he was 28 by buying a drug store, soon began building neighborhood stores, paying off his mortgages with the rent. He shocked conservative operators by building apartment houses behind his store buildings; they said that people would not live in



PARTNERS WYNNE & CORRIGAN
Forty ways into—and out of—trouble.

"back alleys." But Corrigan found that his tenants liked the shopping convenience, ever since has tried to build shopping centers into every development.

By steadily acquiring more property with the help of long-term loans ("Long-term credit never hurt anyone. It's short-term credit that breaks people"), Corrigan rode the countryside real estate boom. He now owns some 100 shopping centers scattered through the U.S., 200 apartment buildings with more than 15,000 rooms, 15 hotels, ten office buildings. Among his properties are the Emerald Beach Hotel in the Bahamas, the 1,660-room Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, the 1,500-room Adolphus Hotel in Dallas and the Bank of Georgia Building now under construction in Atlanta. At 31 stories, it will be the highest in the Southeast.

Fun in the Office. Corrigan operates his empire from an unostentatious suite on the 17th floor of Dallas' North Ervey Building (a just-completed Corrigan property). He has few other interests. Says he: "I have more fun in two hours in my office, trading and dealing, than my friends do in a day on the golf course."

Some Texans feel that Leo Corrigan moves too fast; a prominent banker confided to him a few years back that every year for 15 years he had been predicting that Corrigan would go broke within the next twelve months. But Corrigan believes: "If you don't have a hell of a lot of nerve, the boys in the know will always scare you to death." He claims that he could stand 60% vacancy in his properties and still survive (the vacancy rate is now a low 2%). He points out that he has so many blue-chip tenants—banks, telephone companies, etc.—that "if they should go, everything would go, including the mortgage companies. There are 40 ways to get into trouble in my business, but I've discovered that there are also 40 ways to get out of it."



PHIL SILVERS, CBS-TV STAR

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MILESTONES

Married. Eartha Kitt, 30, Negro songstress who sounds as though she means it when she sings *I Wanna Be Evil*; and William McDonald, 30, a white real-estate dealer; in Hollywood.

Married. Anna Maria Mussolini, 30, the late Duce's fifth and youngest child, a \$192-per-month pensioner who has been partially crippled from polio since childhood; and Giuseppe Negri, 24, nightclub M.C.; in Ravenna, Italy.

Married. Yaltah Menuhin, 38, piano-playing sister of Violinist Yehudi Menuhin and Pianist Hephzibah Menuhin; and Joel Ryce, 27, also a concert pianist; she for the third time, he for the first; in Sterling, Ill.

Death Revealed. Walter Linse, 50, West Berlin lawyer and official of the Investigating Committee of Free Jurists, private intelligence organization, who was kidnapped by East German agents in 1952; of an unexplained cause; in a Soviet prison on Dec. 15, 1953.

Died. Dr. Miron Semenovitch Vovsi, 62, one of 15 Russian-Jewish physicians charged in 1953 with the "doctors' plot" against Soviet leaders, who was cleared after Stalin's death and rehabilitated in 1957 when he received the Order of Lenin; of a heart attack; in Moscow.

Died. Robert Whitehead, 62, for 18 years a member of Virginia's House of Delegates and an articulate liberal critic of the conservative Byrd organization, who stayed out of the 1957 Democratic gubernatorial race in order to avoid a bitter party split that threatened the eventual election of a Republican; of a heart attack; in Lovington, Va.

Died. Tommy Touhy, 67, Capone-era Chicago gangster who once boasted that his more notorious brother, Roger, "got the blame for a lot of things I did"; of cancer; in Chicago.

Died. Joshua Ringle, 69, roofing contractor for Manhattan's Hayden Planetarium, St. Patrick's Cathedral and Grand Central Terminal, and a New Jersey Republican leader who in 1953—after three losing campaigns against the Democratic Hague machine—became one of the first members of his party to be elected to the Jersey City Commission; after a long illness; in Jersey City.

Died. Ernest Leonard Blumenschein, 86, magazine illustrator turned portraitist and Southwest landscape painter, who in 1908—when his wagon broke down while he was on his way to Mexico on a sketching trip—stayed on in Taos, N.M., founded an artists' colony that attracted Max Weber, John Marin, D. H. Lawrence, Willa Cather and Mabel Dodge Luhan; of bronchial pneumonia; in Albuquerque.



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BOOKS

Corn-Squeeze Artist

WATER OF LIFE (621 pp.)—Henry Morton Robinson—Simon & Schuster (\$5.95).

This is a three-generation novel in which the generation is ceaseless, the dialogue deathless, and the drink strong at all times. Novelist Robinson populates his pages with gamblers, gypsies, whores, cut-purses, counterfeiters, country maidens, Mafia men, Harvard professors, necrophiles, lesbians, and good, honest Indiana farmers. He afflicts them variously with lust, greed, chronic childbirth, madness, lung surgery and death by water, gunshot, prolonged beating and Addison's disease. As it is customary for costume novelists to concern themselves also with a certain amount of factual information—the politics of Lorenzo's court, or the intra-igloo mores of Eskimos—Robinson acquaints his readers along the way with the history and techniques of the U.S. whisky industry from 1840 till Prohibition.

Between seizures of hot blood and high deeds, the heroes—one for each generation—make corn squeezes. They are artists who operate the pot still as if it were a pipe organ, mixing corn and small grain with boiling water, adding yeast, and from this wort—which is what the mash is called—distilling clear ethyl alcohol. Redistilled to remove foul-tasting fusel oil, aged for color and character in charred oak casks, the alcohol becomes whisky. Robinson is so explicit that an attentive reader with no fear of federal agents could try it himself.

The real villains of the novel are the unscrupulous distillers—who make cheap whisky by adding prune juice to grain neutral spirits—and the temperance wowers. The author writes of these malefactors with great eloquence and contempt, accusing the former of betraying mankind for profit and the latter of sexual irregularities.

Robinson follows the rigid conventions of historical melodrama. The land he describes contains no skinny women or frail men: all sexual union is of seismic intensity, heroes rise to wealth and power but pay with fearsome personal tragedy. Once these are accepted—and they are not really much harder to swallow than Molière's convention that all husbands are cuckolds, or Homer's that all heroes above the rank of lieutenant colonel enjoy godly guidance—Robinson's book is entertaining enough. Obviously the author, who wrote a much-admired exegesis of *Finnegans Wake* (with Joseph Campbell) as well as a bestseller about a clerical Organization Man called *The Cardinal*, knows that his costume throbbers are nonsense. Unlike Taylor Caldwell, for instance, who writes the same sort of novel with more earnestness and less skill, he stops every few chapters and snickers at himself with a pun or a *Dus Passosian* aside. And if the reader celebrates each such instance by pouring himself three fingers of pot still whisky, he will reach page 621 handily.

Characters in Search of . . .

DAUGHTERS AND REBELS (284 pp.)—Jessica Mitford—Houghton, Mifflin (\$4).

The English are said to dearly love a lord, and the second Lord Redesdale is there to prove that they dote on a dotty peer—especially if he has six daughters, mostly zany, mostly blonde. An impressive photograph of the six Honorable Misses Freeman-Mitford, in their ironclad British tweeds, appears in this autobiography by one of their number. An industrious, middle-aged newspaper reader with total recall would be able to attempt a quiz about every blessed one of them, roughly thus:

The one glowering on the left would be Unity Valkyrie Freeman-Mitford, usually described in the tabloids as Hitler's girl friend. That would explain why she is standing as Hitler did when he was not saluting, with her hands clasped just below her midriff. Unity shot herself in 1939 under still obscure circumstances and was invalidated back home to England (the author says she was despondent over the outbreak of the war, but rumors were that she had been rejected by Hitler).

Next, Deborah, scowling prettily in jodhpurs, would be the Mitford who married a duke—not just any duke, but the Duke of Devonshire who still swings a lot of weight in England.

The next one emerges from her tweeds with a less sympathetic expression. Diana married one of Britain's mighty brewers—Bryan Guinness, stout fellow—but got divorced and married English Fascist Sir Oswald Mosley.

Jessica, the one with the sly-boots expression, married a Red, Esmond Romilly, but then, he was a nephew of Sir

Winston Churchill. In fact, that marriage is what much of this book is about.

The Mitford on the far right, Pamela, was so fond of horses she married a sometime jockey.

The one with the dog married (and divorced) Peter Murray Rennell Rodd, whose business she described as "sailing small boats"; today she is the most famous member of the family. Nancy writes novels and biographies, and invented the U-game, by which it can be determined who is out of, and who is not out of, the top drawer.

The dim male figure smiling uneasily in the midst of these splendid figures is a male Mitford of whom nobody has ever heard. He is Tom, a barrister who was killed in Burma in 1945.

Life with Farve. Having passed or flunked a Mitford quiz along these lines, the reader may find any residual curiosity about the family amply answered in *Daughters and Rebels*, Jessica's sprightly chronicle. Some things should be settled first. What was Hitler's reaction to Jessica's elopement with Romilly when Unity told the Führer, "My sister Decca has run away to Spain with the Reds"? Hitler sank his head in his hands. "*Armes Kind!*" (poor child), he sighed. What did Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, do? He dispatched a destroyer to try to break up the match.

Even before this and other events in his daughters' lives had given him cause, David Bertram Ogilvy Freeman-Mitford, second Baron Redesdale ("Farve" to his girls), had the reputation of being a slightly gaga aristocrat. Hitler took him seriously as a Fascist sympathizer, but few others took him seriously on anything. For one thing, he had made one of his rare but passionate speeches on the subject of limiting the powers of the



THE MITFORD GIRLS & BROTHER TOM (1935)
Christopher Robin read Karl Marx.

Eric Gray




ROMILLY TENDING BAR (1940)
The witches turned out to be real.

House of Lords. He was against it—on the grounds that the proposals struck at the foundations of Christianity. He was also pretty savage about a proposal to seat peeresses. Even the Conservative press laughed at his views, as did his six daughters. Nancy thought she knew his real reason: there was only one W.C. in the House of Lords. As a parsimonious peer bringing up six daughters in a diminishing series of houses where the plumbing had not been much improved since the Black Death, his lordship knew how inconvenient females can be.


Decca & Boud. The reader who feels at this stage that he has wandered into an early Evelyn Waugh novel will not be far wrong. Waugh might indeed have written another *Decline and Fall* based on Jessica's chronicle. There is even a Waughlike Mitford uncle who was the author of one book, a privately printed volume of his letters to the London *Times* and other publications, notably on the subject of manure; his notion was that the greatness of Elizabethan England was due to the widespread use of sheep droppings in producing an organically based diet and thus a sound society. But more than the shortage of sheep droppings is needed to explain the anomaly of English society between the general strike of 1926 and World War II, and the madcap Mitford story charts some of the more alarming symptoms of a class in deep trouble with history and itself.

Jessica tells her tale with girlish gush, brilliantly preserved a generation after the events, and there is enough intra-family whimsy to stop A. A. Milne himself in his Teddy bear tracks. They all had special names: the narrator is "Little D.," to "Muv," and "Decca" to the rest of the world. They even had a private language, examples of which are mercilessly given. It is all very charming at first, but less so when Decca and Boud



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BACK CARE by SIMMONS

(big, "sullen," "baleful" Unity) get past the hair-pulling stage and make the big world their playroom. Boud took to scratching swastikas on the window (she had a diamond, of course), and Decca just naturally scratched hammer-and-sickles over them.

There is something magnificently arrogant about the way Boud and Decca extracted the last yard of mileage out of their hyphens as they joined forces—Fascist and Communist—dedicated to the destruction of aristocracy. Boud, before she met Hitler, insisted on taking her pet rat to debutante balls. With Philip Toynbee (Historian Arnold's son), Decca raised Eton College chapel and decamped with a carload of top hats.

Fringe Existence. Symbol and hero of all the infantile letism of that class and generation was Esmond Romilly, who ran away from school (Wellington) to publish *Out of Bounds*, an anti-prefect, pro-Communist magazine which reached a circulation of 3,000, largely in Britain's most exclusive schools. After he had fought in Spain, Decca just had to have him. Have him she did, for a fringe existence in proletarian Rotherhithe (a tough Thameside district of London), sharing twilight jobs, semi-spivery and endless left-wing talk at bottle parties.

Jessica's autobiography is really a more touching story than its surface goofiness would suggest. Soon after the Romillys' baby died in 1938, they moved to the U.S., where the same pattern continued—they were guests of the "liberal" rich, pets of the left-wing intelligentsia. Esmond wound up a bartender in Miami. The war ended his story. After a worried interval while he decided whether the imperialists would really fight against Fascism, he volunteered in Canada and was killed in action in 1941 at the age of 23.

His widow leaves the story at that point, but there are a couple of footnotes. Lord Redesdale died in 1958, and Jessica won another headline: Farve had cut her from his \$361,000 will. It seems that Jessica, married to Hungarian-born Lawyer Robert Treuhart of Oakland, Calif., had called their son Tito, but renamed him for Lenin after Yugoslavia was expelled from the Cominform. The Halloween party was over; the witches were real after all. It all seems a little sad now, perhaps to be paraphrased thus:

Look, look, what wonderful larks:
Christopher Robin is reading Karl Marx.

Opera Without Music

THE INFANT WITH THE GLOBE (240 pp.)
—Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, translated
by Robert Graves—Yoseloff (\$3.50).

It is hard to see why some publisher has not established a Graves-of-the-Month Club. The British man of letters can produce a book of high quality in the time it takes an ordinary author to write a letter asking his publisher for an advance, and the range of his comfortable erudition is bewildering. His present book is, like its predecessors, unlike its predecessors—a

translation of a tragicomic 19th century Spanish tale of high deeds, broken hearts and bloody deaths. The territory is strange to the modern reader, but Graves, both as translator and author of the introduction, is an effective guide.

Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, who lived from 1833 to 1891, was a member of a penniless aristocratic family and, in succession, a crusading young liberal editor and atheist, an unsuccessful playwright, a successful politician and, toward the end of his life, a conservative, well-to-do author and defender of the faith. The information is necessary because Graves believes, Alarcón wrote *The Infant with the Globe* as a bantering, ironic commentary on his own youth.

Alarcón's hero is an impossibly noble, handsome and athletic young *caballero*



NOVELIST DE ALARCÓN
Mockery within the melodrama.

named Manuel who is thwarted in his desire to marry Soledad, the daughter of the town moneylender. This pinch-souled Shylock, whose exactions drove Manuel's father to his death, not only blocks Manuel's marriage but informs him that part of his father's huge debt is still unpaid. In the best Andalusian tradition, Manuel leaves town to seek his fortune, vowing to return, pay the debt, marry Soledad—and throttle a man who has looked at her.

A blood-drenched ending is inevitable. Manuel returns seven years later rich as Cortes, but Soledad, to escape a nun's life, has married. At first the village priest persuades the blighted lover to set vengeance aside, but at last Manuel forces an ending so bloody—and romantic—as to put *Carman* to shame.

This is more than melodrama. Translator Graves easily persuades the reader, Alarcón, the firebrand grown conservative, still is a mocker. His gentle irony is aimed partly at the lofty aspirations of youth, and also, less obviously, at the easy compromises of age. The author's characters,

particularly those that are, in part, self-caricatures, are drawn with accuracy and wit. Alarcón's description of a self-conscious, self-elected young genius shows why his book is worth Graves's trouble and the reader's time: "A young man, pale and gloomy, who avoids mankind and walks alone through the deserted countryside, a concentration of thought and bile, a liver with feet and a hat."

A Lost Lady

ON A LONESOME PORCH (237 pp.)—Ovid Williams Pierce—Doubleday (\$3.95).

The theme of this book is one of the great, enduring clichés of U.S. literature: the dowager of a North Carolina first family finds her old way of life in ruins after the Yankee barn burners go home. But the variation on the theme—how in shoring up the fragments she found a little of herself as well—is, in Novelist Pierce's skilled hands, made almost new.

For "Miss Ellen" Gray, the well-bred widow who is the wispy heroine of Pierce's story, self-discovery is not easy. She spent her prewar life in an indolent dream-world as soft and sheltered as a cotton boll, with endless maids and mammys to tend every want that a dutiful husband and son could not fulfill. The war killed both, and drove Miss Ellen from the family plantation to live with relatives in Raleigh; even then the protective cocoon of her gentility was scarcely damaged. In June 1865 she returns home with her widowed daughter-in-law, "Miss Lucy," and her grandson Garrett, intent on recapturing the past; it is as if the March through Georgia had been no more than some annoyingly loud parade.

Miss Ellen finds it hard to understand why her plantation fields are untilled and weed-crested, her mansion ransacked, her retainers gone or too old to work. Under Miss Lucy's direction the house begins to live again, but Miss Ellen withdraws to the calm solace of memories. In time she learns that a widowed war veteran has helped Miss Lucy hire labor for the field, that the estate may have to be sold for taxes. She learns, too, that for her sake Miss Lucy has rejected the man's proposal of marriage. At novel's end, in the one great loving act of her sheltered life, Miss Ellen prepares for a visit to Raleigh from which she will never return, setting Miss Lucy free. She has accepted a harsh truth: that the plantation can never be the same, that the mansion she aches for is no earthly abode but exists, with other memories, only where her heart is.

Compared with *The Plantation* (TIME, March 2, 1953), Author Pierce's impressive first novel, *On a Lonesome Porch* suffers from literary jerry-building. What saves it is its subtle, flexible prose, which can gallop in tense, comma-strewn sentences when Northern cavalry slashes through the Carolinas, or laze through a hot summer afternoon with three plaintive, motherless Negro children. And when Pierce softly traces Miss Ellen's gentle footsteps, he enlivens in a rare, vivid way the mind of the Old South.



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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Dreams (Swedish). In the second installment of Director Ingmar Bergman's lewdly hilarious trilogy (the others: *A Lesson in Love*, *Smiles of a Summer Night*), the war between the sexes rages in full fury, with the female proving, to Bergman's obvious delight, the far more cunning and vigorous specimen.

The Apartment. This funniest Hollywood comedy since *Some Like It Hot* (made by the same duo: Producer-Director Billy Wilder and Writer I.A.L. Diamond) packs a sharp moral without stooping to moralizing, as it traces the rise of an organization man (Jack Lemmon) who turns his Manhattan apartment into a walk-up tourist cabin for his lecherous bosses. With Shirley MacLaine as delightful as ever.

The Savage Eye. Plunging into the garbage-choked stream of neurotic consciousness, the camera eye follows a Los Angeles divorcee's futile quest for love, savagely exposes her mind's myths but forces to respond to her heart.

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (French). Love redeems even the horror of acres of charred and moaning humanity in this New Wave that rises with atomic power and breaks with poetic beauty.

The Battle of the Sexes. Thurbur's *The Catbird Seat* is transposed into a grand piece of sustained nonsense, with Funnyman Peter Sellers as the bookkeeper with a double-entry personality.

I'm All Right, Jack. Sellers again, this time as a union shop steward who will make a speech at the drop of an aitch, in a film that takes a cracking good satirical look at labor-management relations in England.

TELEVISION

Wed., June 15

United States Steel Hour (CBS, 10-11 p.m.).^{*} In *The Impostor*, a woman has hoped for six years for the return of a missing husband; a bearded hospital outpatient comes along and convinces her that he is her man. With Ann Sheridan and Jean Pierre Aumont.

Thurs., June 16

Spring Music Festival (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A program of American folk songs from colonial times to the '30s includes a thorough anthology of the blues: talkin', big-city, and barrelhouse.

Fri., June 17

Journey to Understanding (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Ike in Asia.

CBS Reports (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). *Berlin: End of the Line* is a title worthy of the program's narrator, Edward Roscoe Morrow. Including interviews with West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer and West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt, Morrow examines the 15-year history of West Berlin.

The Twilight Zone (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m.). Rod Serling's *The Mighty Casey* tries hard not to strike out, features a mechanical robot who pitches for the Hoboken Zephyrs.

^{*}All times E.D.T.

Sat., June 18

National Open Golf Championship (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). From Denver's Cherry Hills Country Club, NBC's cameras watch over the 16th, 17th and 18th holes during the climactic (fourth) round.

Sun., June 19

Johns Hopkins File 7 (ABC, 12-12:30 p.m.). A dramatic re-creation of the *Trial of Socrates*.

Frontiers of Faith (NBC, 1:30-2:30 p.m.). Panel discussion: *Have the Churches a Duty to Censor?*

Johansson-Patterson Preflight Program (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Fight Fan James Cagney interviews the two heavyweights on the eve of their return bout; films of Johansson's earlier victory over Patterson are technically analyzed by Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney.

Mon., June 20

Peter Gunn (NBC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Shelley Berman is seen again in the episode about a nightclub comic who hires Gunn to protect him from his wife.

The Emmy Awards (NBC, 10-11:30 p.m.). The TV cousins of Hollywood's Oscars are presented in a package that solves both losers and viewers with guest entertainment by Comedians Bob Newhart, Elaine May and Mike Nichols.

Tues., June 21

Journey to Understanding (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Ike in Asia.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Grand Kabuki. For the first time in history, Japan's classical, all-male acting company is performing in the U.S., providing a rich—if necessarily academic—experience for American audiences.

Off Broadway

The Connection. Playwright Jack Gelber makes a devastating assault on theatrical illusion, presents a pad full of junkies in a formless, utterly naturalistic play that has sporadic distinction.

The Prodigal. A 25-year-old playwright named Jack Richardson has written one of the best plays seen in Manhattan in many seasons, reaching with temerity into the house of Atrius for his central figures: Orestes, Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, Aegisthus. The dress is Argive; the address is modern.

The Balcony. French Playwright Jean Genet sets this monument of dramatic mockery in a brothel, almost proves his point that there are two main classes of people on earth: whores and their clients.

Ernest in Love. Lee Pockris' engaging music grafts smoothly onto Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, in an adaptation that is careful not to shatter the original's cut-glass dialogue.

Little Mary Sunshine. Despite a title that would embarrass Oscar Hammerstein, the most phenomenal off-Broadway success since *The Threepenny Opera* is a reminiscent farce that parodies the sugar-glazed operettas of yesteryear's Kerns and Frimlins.

The American Savoyards. A different, excellently done Gilbert & Sullivan operetta each week. This week: *Iolanthe*.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Saint-Exupéry, by Marcel Migeo. The flamboyant French airman who wrote *Wind, Sand and Stars* and *The Little Prince* is worth reading about in this biography by an old flying comrade, even though the book is flawed by grandiloquence.

Born Free, by Joy Adamson. The author, drawing on her own experience as the wife of a Kenya gamekeeper, gives a detailed and fascinating solution to one of the least urgent problems of the century—how to bring up a lion as a pet.

The Saviors of God, by Nikos Kazantzakis. This book of aphorisms shows the intense spiritual longing of modern Greece's most noted writer; for Humanist Kazantzakis, God was, essentially, the search for God.

Three Circles of Light, by Pietro di Donato. A Saroyanesque merry-go-round, spinning to music not always merry, about Italian immigrants in West Hoboken—the scene of the author's famed first novel, *Christ in Concrete*.

Homage to Clio, by W. H. Auden. There may be nothing very new in this collection of Auden's recent poems, but at 53 the poet is still shrewd, amusing, and prodigiously talented.

Through Streets Broad and Narrow, by Gabriel Fielding. With torrents of prose, marvelously antic characters and more than enough plot, the author follows the capricious hero of two earlier novels (*Brotherly Love*, *In the Time of Green-bloom*) on a calamitous expedition to Ireland.

The Wayward Comrade and the Commissars, by Yuri Olesha. The author later found it advisable to become a docile party-liner, but in the 1920s, when he wrote the short fiction pieces in this paperback collection, he was one of Communism's most caustic satirists.

Food for Centaurs, by Robert Graves. Although his form ranges from essay to lecture to story, the poet's wryly cantankerous wit and charm remain the same.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (1)^{*}
2. *Hawaii*, Michener (2)
3. *The Leopard*, Di Lampedusa (3)
4. *Trustee from the Toolroom*, Shute (6)
5. *The Constant Image*, Davenport (4)
6. *Ourselves to Know*, O'Hara (7)
7. *The Lincoln Lords*, Hawley (5)
8. *A Distant Trumpet*, Horgan (8)
9. *The View from the Fortieth Floor*, White (9)
10. *The Affair*, Snow

NONFICTION

1. *May This House Be Safe from Tigers*, King (1)
2. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (2)
3. *The Law and the Profits*, Parkinson (5)
4. *I Kid You Not*, Paar (4)
5. *Born Free*, Adamson (9)
6. *The Enemy Within*, Kennedy (3)
7. *Act One*, Hart (6)
8. *The Night They Burned the Mountain*, Dooley (8)
9. *Grant Moves South*, Catton (7)
10. *Hollywood Rajah*, Crowther

^{*}Position on last week's list



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